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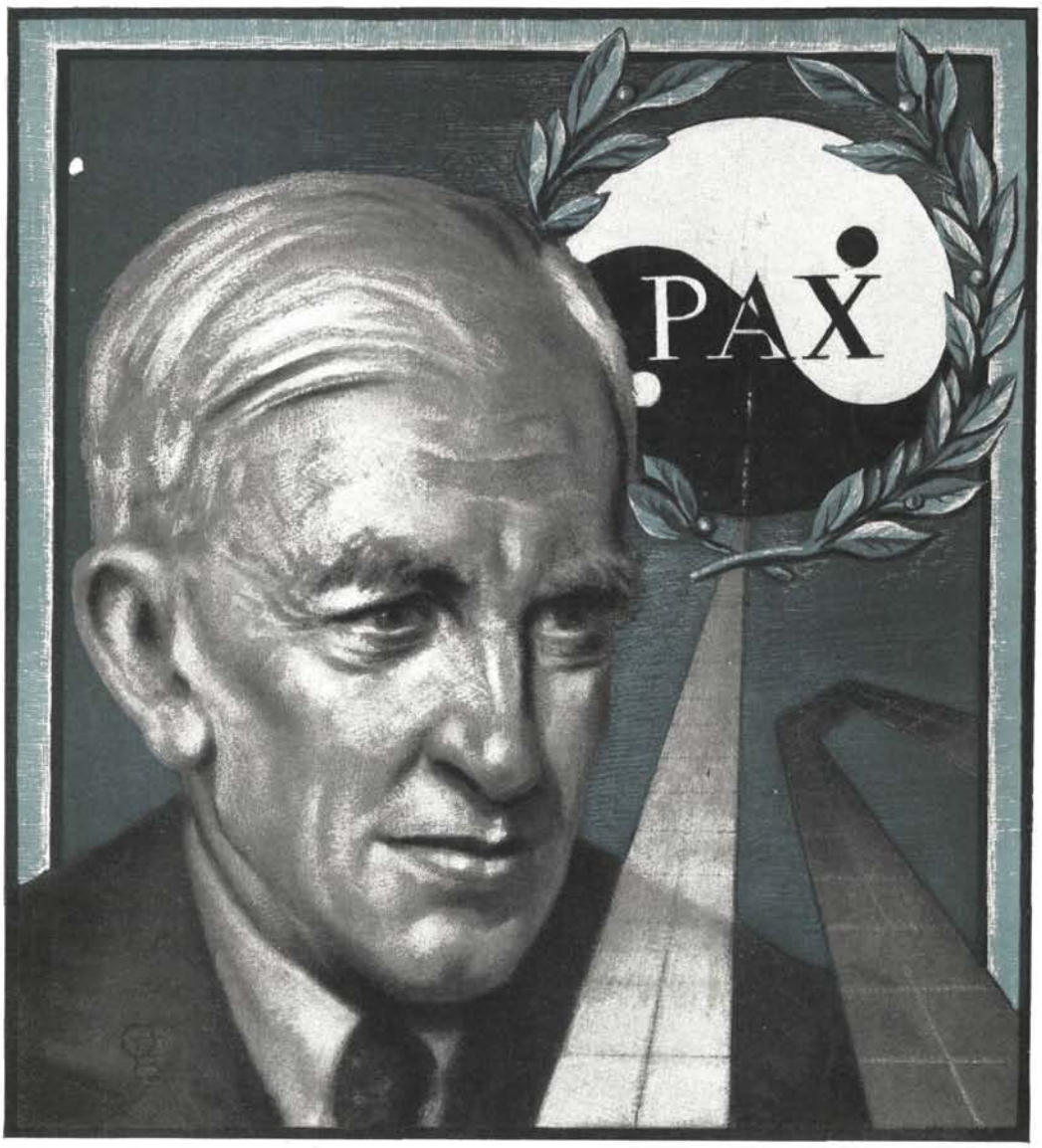
Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXI No. 18 MAY 1, 1948 FIFTEEN



Arnold J. Toynbee, author of "Civilization on Trial." (See page 9)

The Incredible Dr. Bell

By IRVING WALLACE

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This Week

May 1, 1948

Cover Drawing from Life by Frances O'Brien

Articles

PAGE

THE INCREDIBLE DR. BELL
By Irving Wallace..... 7

CRIMES OF THE FIRST QUARTER
By Judge Lynch.....29

Reviews

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL
Reviewed by Irwin Edman..... 9

THE CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY
Reviewed by Harrison Brown....10

FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY
Reviewed by Courtlandt Canby....11

THE UNITED STATES AND SOUTH AMERICA
Reviewed by Carleton Beals.....12

RUSSIA IN FLUX
Reviewed by D. Fedotoff White...13

NOMAD
Reviewed by Georgiana G. Stevens.....14

LOST ILLUSION
Reviewed by Oriana Atkinson....15

WHOM THE GODS LOVE
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman...16

DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE AND THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS
Reviewed by Carl P. Rollins.....16

ADMIRALS OF AMERICAN EMPIRE
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....17

WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell...17

THE BLACK LAUREL
Reviewed by Harrison Smith....22

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE
Reviewed by Richard B. Gehman.23

CONSPIRATOR
Reviewed by Robert Pick.....25

THE SHROUDED WOMAN
Reviewed by Marjorie Brace.....26

THE BLACK SAIL
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....27

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

PUBLISHER'S GALLERY: GEORGE PLATT BRETT, JR. 8

MY CURRENT READING
By Arnold J. Toynbee.....10
By John C. Crosby.....13

EDITORIAL 18

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....20

LITERARY I.Q. 25

LITERARY CRYPT 26

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....30

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....31

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....32

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....34

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....38

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....39

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 736.....43

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TRADE Winds

CALIFORNIANA

THERE IS a very shrewd and resourceful group of Hungarian and Viennese playwrights and novelists in Hollywood today who believe in the maxim of "all for one, and one for all." When any one of them receives an assignment from a studio, the lot of them pitch in to complete it, and the fee is then thrown into a general pot. The studios do not object to this procedure. They even remained unaccountably calm when the boys playfully sold the same story to two studios at the same time. The executives at one lot blew their top completely, however, when the story department discovered that one persuasive lady from the Ringstrasse had sold them a script in 1948 that they themselves had bought from her seven years before. . . .

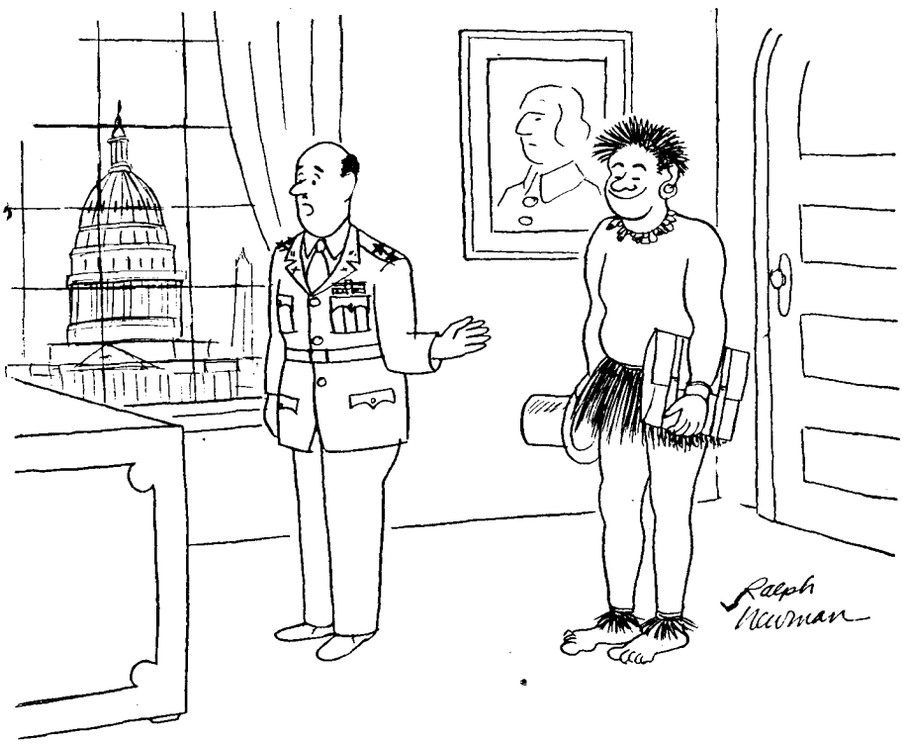
According to a wartime story, the American Air Forces, before bombing Budapest, dropped propaganda leaflets reading "Surrender peacefully, and we'll give you a third act." The whimsy in frothy Danubian comedies had a way of drying up by about 10 P.M. . . . Somebody asked Playwright Ferenc Molnar how Hungarians made omelettes. "First," he began, "you steal six eggs." . . . When Emerich Kalman, Hungarian composer of "Sari," "Miss Springtime," and other successes, visited Hollywood, a big dance was given in his honor. Kalman himself selected the musical program. The guests danced to lilting waltzes, but failed to recognize any of them. Finally one guest told the leader, "Play something of Kalman's we all know. Play 'Sari'." As the orchestra struck up the familiar strain, Kalman paled, and rushed over to the leader. "Don't play that, you fool," he whispered. "I've already sold them that piece!" . . . When Kalman reported to his studio, the head man told him, "We have lots of famous writers from Budapest in Hollywood. You can have your choice of collaborators. You know Ernst Vajda, of course?" "Ah, Vajda," exclaimed Kalman. "One of my dearest friends. What a play his 'Fata Morgana' was!" "Then there's Bus-Fekete. How about him?" "A great writer," enthused Kalman. "A really great writer. I love him as a brother." "Walter Reisch is also available." Kalman was stumped. "I never heard of him," he confessed. "Well," said the head man. "Take your pick." "I think," said Kalman, "I will work with Walter Reisch." . . .

CHARLES VIDOR received a copy of a novel from an author in Budapest just before I left Hollywood. The text was in Hungarian, but the dedication was in English. It read, "To Charles Vidor—in appreciation of all the things he is going to do for me." . . .

Horace McCoy, now en route to New York for the launching of his new novel, "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," hopes to construct another book around the character of a wrestler whose antics have startled even the blasé citizens of Beverly Hills. He calls himself "Gorgeous George," and flounces into the ring in a little number whipped up for him by the famous designer Adrian. He is followed by a tuxedoed attendant with an atomizer, who proceeds to spray his opponent with perfume. Fumigated but enraged, the opponent usually is a pushover, although a rude fellow once stepped out of the act long enough to bite Gorgeous George on the heinie. George pinned him to the mat with a half-Nelson and a dirty look. His exertions concluded, the spotlight and perfume are trained on Gorgeous George himself. The crowd jeers—and comes back for more. . . .

Leonora Hornblow is slaving over a novel called "A Line from Eliot." How many recent novels can you name whose titles stem from verse by T. S. Eliot? "Troubled Midnight" and "The Gilded Hearse" come readily to mind. . . . Dorothy Hughes confides that when her next mystery story is completed, she is going to try her hand at a straight novel. . . . Cleveland Amory, in Hollywood to do a story on Jack Benny for *Life*, hopes to duplicate the success of "The Proper Bostonians" with a book on the resort towns of America. . . . When Harry Kurnitz signed a contract with Warner Brothers as writer-producer, a high-powered publicity man assured him, "The public hasn't been told enough about you. You're with the studio now that can fix all that. I've got a whole column planted about you in tomorrow's newspaper." The column appeared as promised. Throughout, Kurnitz was referred to as "Harry Kennedy." . . .

IN CALIFORNIA, I fell into the habit of reading a lively magazine called *Fortnight,* and now that I'm home I don't intend to stop. It's modeled on *Cue,* with overtones of *Time* and *The New Yorker.* If you live in the West, I daresay that Editor and Publisher O. D. Keep, at 4304 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 27, could be persuaded to send you a sample copy. . . . *The Culver City Star-News* has unveiled a brand-new columnist in the person of Bonnie Prince Michael Romanoff, the opulent Muscovite. A rival of Mike's, his nose completely out of joint, avers that the column is being ghosted by



"Mr. Secretary, his Government has decided to test their new bomb on a congested area. He therefore requests that the people of Brooklyn be evacuated immediately to Nevada, and sends greetings from the South Pacific."

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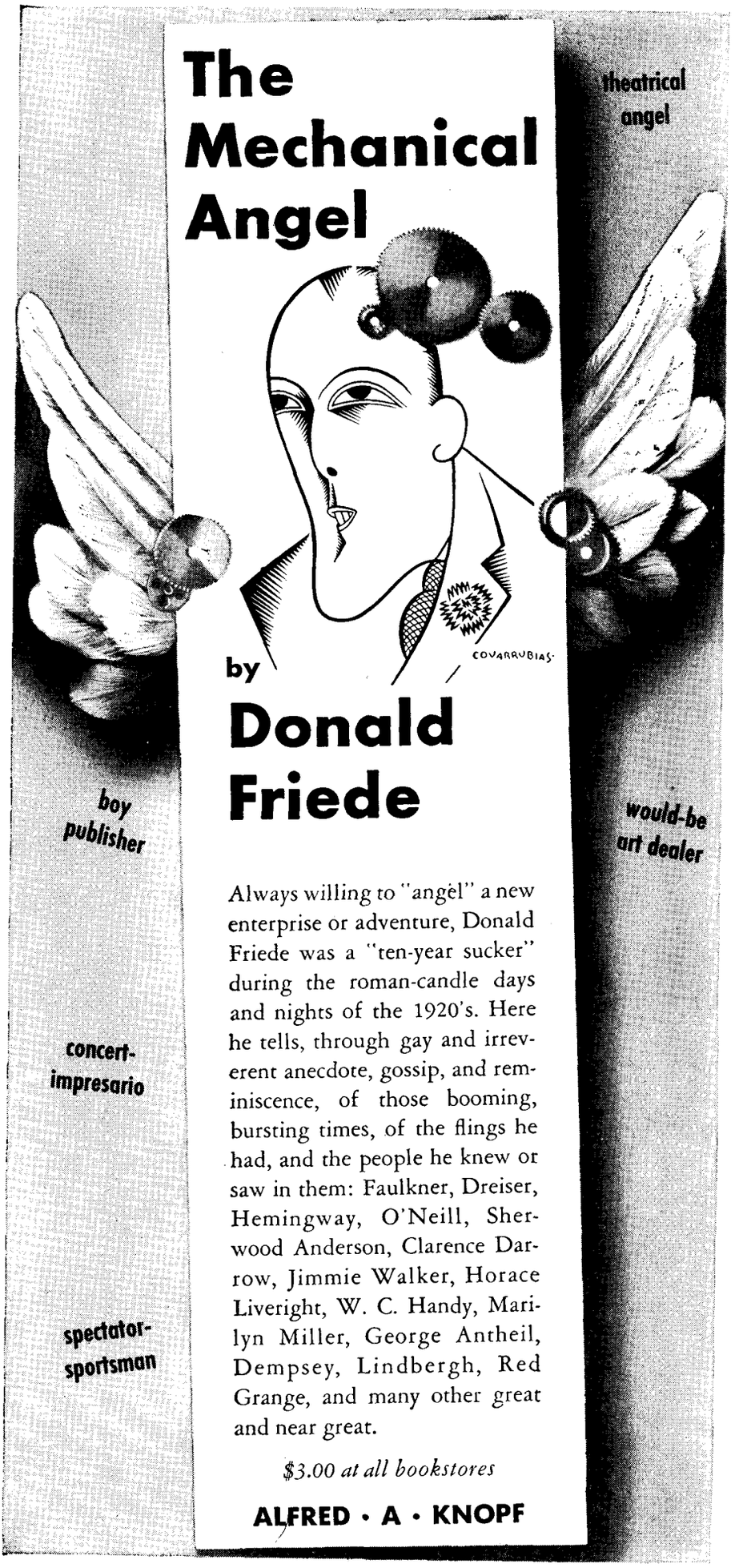
Raymond Schindler, Dave Chasens, and Rockwell Kent. . . . The only restaurateur in America not now writing a daily column is Max Schlophannes, of Max's Busy Bee, in Amarillo, Texas. . . . Harry Luce is reported on the verge of invading the wide-open Los Angeles newspaper field. At present, news-starved natives line up to buy the airmail edition of *The New York Times*, which goes on sale at about 11 A.M. of the date of issue, at a quarter a copy. . . .

The hundred-mile drive from Hollywood to Santa Barbara, along Route 101, takes an Easterner's breath away. The mountains rise out of the sea. The landscape is dotted with beautiful homes, ranches—and successful authors. . . . All but forgotten is the Portuguese navigator Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who first set foot on these verdant shores in 1542. The Indians he encountered were exceedingly friendly and far more civilized than neighboring tribes. Their canoes seated a dozen men, and were made seaworthy by the use of a calking material they found seeping in a slow stream out of a hillside a few hundred miles back from the sea. Today the spot is the center of one of the country's richest oil fields. . . . The Ventura Indians long since have disappeared, but the people who live there today have inherited their friendliness. . . . *The Ventura County Star-Free Press* is one of the finest small-city newspapers in the country, fearlessly edited by Roy Pinkerton. John P. Scripps, son of the founder of Scripps-Howard, is the publisher. Ventura's leading author is John Burgan, whose new novel, "X Minus Y," will be a highlight of the fall Farrar, Straus list. . . .

BACK IN THE HILLS of Ventura County, the little town of Ojai is planning to become the Salzburg of America, with an annual festival that will include orchestral music, song and dance recitals, and plays, in a magnificent amphitheatre cut into Black Mountain (Sierra Morena). Noel Sullivan and John Bauer are the leading spirits in this ambitious venture, and Paul Green will write the first play for it. Boardman Robinson, convalescing from a long illness in Ojai, will collaborate if he is well enough. . . . Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin, are the principal backers of the new and luxurious Ojai Valley Club, which will serve special suppers for the festival goers. . . . Older residents, like the Libbys (of Libby-Owens Glass), who spent millions to make the Ojai valley an exclusive jewel-box for Mr. Amory's Bostonians and their intimates, view these activities with mixed emotions, but join in predicting that their festivities will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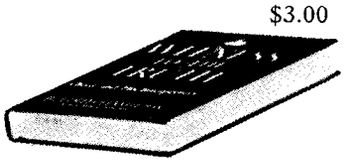

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soon outdraw Berkshire, Bethlehem, and Williamsburg combined. California never does things by halves. . . .

Beside the Santa Barbara Biltmore's Olympic Pool I found Margaret Millar sunning her shapely torso while her husband, Kenneth Millar, took time out from a new whodunit for Knopf to give a diving exhibition that brought exclamations of wonder from Ed Corle and a Flicka of the eyelashes from Mary O'Hara. Margaret Millar's new book, "It's All in the Family," is the most delightful story I have read in months. I laughed so hard over the galleys that I wired home to triple the print order. . . . Another pair of prominent young novelists, Martha Bacon and Barnaby Conrad, showed me the sights of the city, including the old Mission and Alfred Harcourt, who was driving through a red light so fast he didn't hear us yodel. . . . Santa Barbara is a fine book town. The Tecolote, run by Roger Boutell (Clip's brother), Osborne's, where something new and choice has been added in the person of Hazel Clifton, and L. S. Copeland, of the fabulous class of 1917 at the Pulitzer S. of J., divide the trade among them—and prosper. . . .

I RUSHED BACK from Santa Barbara to Bellair, where John Gunther was host at a dinner party, prior to flying to Chicago to marry glamorous Jane Vandercook, of the Duell, Sloan and Pearce editorial staff. . . . Referring to Gunther's comments, incidentally, in "Inside U.S.A." on all the territory I covered on this trip, I was struck again with his uncanny ability to squeeze all essential facts into a few brief, pungent paragraphs. The way really to enjoy "Inside U.S.A." is to read what John Gunther has to say about a city and state *after* you have visited them yourself.

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Incredible Dr. Bell

IRVING WALLACE

ONE EVENING, about the turn of the century, after a week-end shoot in Scotland, a dozen guests sat around a dinner table discussing human monsters, famous murders, and unsolved crimes. One of the guests, Dr. Joseph Bell, the eminent Edinburgh surgeon and medical instructor, had the others wide-eyed with his deductive acrobatics.

"The trouble with most people," he said, "is that they see, but do not observe. Any really good detective ought to be able to tell, before a stranger has fairly sat down, his occupation, habits, and past history through rapid observation and deduction. Glance at a man and you find his nationality written on his face, his means of livelihood on his hands, and the rest of his story in his gait, mannerisms, tattoo marks, watch chain ornaments, shoe laces, and in the lint adhering to his clothes."

The guests were skeptical. One challenged Dr. Bell to give an example of applied observation. Happily, Dr. Bell obliged.

"A patient walked into the room where I was instructing the students, and his case seemed to be a very simple one. I was talking about what was wrong with him. 'Of course, gentlemen,' I happened to say, 'he has been a soldier in a Highland regiment, probably a bandsman.' I pointed out the swagger in his walk, suggestive of the Highland piper; while his shortness told me that if he had been a soldier, it was probably as a bandsman. But the man insisted he was nothing but a shoemaker and had never been in the army in his life. This was rather a floorer, but being absolutely certain, I told two of the strongest clerks to remove the man to a side room and strip him.

"Under his left breast I instantly detected a little blue D branded on his skin. He was an army deserter. That was how they used to mark them in the Crimean days. You can understand his evasion. However, this proved my first observation correct. He confessed having played in the band of a Highland regiment in the war against the Russians. It was really elementary, gentlemen."

Most of the guests were impressed. But one listener chidingly remarked, "Why, Dr. Bell might almost be Sherlock Holmes."

To which Dr. Bell snapped, "My dear sir, I *am* Sherlock Holmes."

Dr. Bell was not jesting. He was, indeed, the original Sherlock Holmes, the real-life inspiration for the immortal detective of fiction. "It is most certainly to you that I owe Sherlock Holmes," A. Conan Doyle wrote Dr. Bell in May 1892. Thirty-two years later, still grateful to Dr. Bell, Doyle publicly admitted, "I used and amplified his methods when I tried to build up a scientific detective who solved cases on his own merits."

Unlike the detective, Dr. Bell wore neither deerstalker cap nor ankle-length cape coat and used neither magnifying glass nor cocaine. Where Sherlock Holmes was the eccentric bachelor in his cramped room at 221-B Baker Street, Dr. Bell was entirely the family man with a son, two daughters, and two sprawling gabled homes of his own. Where Sherlock Holmes dwelled in a shadow world bound by Moriarty and Watson, Dr. Bell was a surgeon whose courage won compliments from Queen Victoria, whose crusades for nurses earned the friendship of Florence Nightingale, whose classroom wizardry influenced five decades of Edinburgh University undergraduates including not only Doyle but Robert Louis Stevenson and James M. Barrie.

—*Frederick Dorr Steele.*

Sherlock Holmes—whose "rules echoed the real-life gospel of Dr. Joseph Bell."

THE RULES of Sherlock Holmes merely echoed the real-life gospel of Dr. Joseph Bell. "I always impressed over and over again upon all my scholars the vast importance of little distinctions, the endless significance of the trifles," Dr. Bell once told a reporter.

"The great majority of people, of incidents, and of cases resemble each other in the main and larger features. For instance, most men have apiece a head, two arms, a nose, a mouth, and a certain number of teeth. It is the little differences, in themselves trifles, such as the droop of the eyelid or what not, which differentiate men."

What were some of these "infinitely little" factors Dr. Bell regarded as important in observation? "Nearly every handicraft writes its sign-manual on the hands," contended Dr. Bell. "The scars of the miner differ from those of the quarryman. The carpenter's callosities are not those of the mason. . . . The soldier and sailor differ in gait. Accent helps you to district and, to an educated ear, almost to county. . . . With a woman, especially, the observant doctor can often tell what part of her body she is going to talk about."

While Dr. Bell felt the development of observation was a necessity to doctors and detectives, he felt as strongly that it was a thrilling sport for laymen. Every man, argued Dr. Bell, can transform his world from one of monotony and drabness into

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Publisher's Gallery

III: George Platt Brett, Jr.

THE Macmillan Company might well be called Brett, Brett & Brett, since it was Brett-founded (1896)—preserving the Macmillan name from the N. Y. office George Edward Brett had been sent by Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London (estab. 1843), to open in 1869—, Brett-developed by, George Platt, Sr., and always Brett-headed.

George, Jr., who since his father's retirement in 1931 has provided Macmillan's executive elbow grease, is a man of definite outline as befits the ruler of a publishing empire comprising an entire eight-story building, five USA branch offices, foreign outposts from London to Manila, an active list of 16,000 books. He matriculated as stock boy (1913) and passed through every department before graduating to the presidency. Publishing has been "full of thrills," *e.g.*, a "Gone with the Wind"—"I thought it wordy and dull, but I was proved wrong!"—and a series called Democracy Readers that Hitler's long shadow prompted him to launch, and "if I wanted to be stuffy about it I would say, I *will* say, a publisher has a heavy responsibility as an influence on coming generations through text and trade books both."

Mr. Brett's office desk faces a wall larded with framed photographs of his favorite Macmillan authors, among them H. G. Wells, Kathleen Winsor, John Masefield; the late George, Sr.'s quondam pets —Kathleen Norris, Jack London, etc.—still hang opposite them.

Although Connecticut - raised, George, Jr., did not glimpse N. Y. until he was ten (1903), disliked it on sight; now escapes to Easton, Conn., daily. A ruddy color bespeaks his loves: fishing, sailing, walking, riding. Neither of his sons —George, III, married and a father, Bruce Yeomans, Cornell student—craves publishing. —E. P. H.

one of excitement and adventure by developing his faculty of observation.

Throughout his life, he continued to amaze his circle with the observation game. "When the family traveled in a train," his surviving sister, Mrs. Cecil Stisted, recalls, "he would tell us where all the other passengers in the carriage were from, where they were going to, and something of their occupations and their habits. All this without having spoken to them. When he verified his observations, we thought him a magician."

One afternoon he was at his desk, in the Royal Infirmary, working. Someone knocked at his study door.

"Come in," he called. The man entered. Dr. Bell stared at him. "Why are you worried?"

"How do you know I am worried?"

"The four knocks. Unworried people content themselves with two, or at the most, three."

Dr. Bell had hit the nail on the head. The man *was* worried.

Years after Dr. Bell's death, Conan Doyle told an interviewer, "Dr. Bell would sit in his receiving room, with a face like a red Indian, and diagnose people as they came in, before they even opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, and even give them details of their past life, and hardly ever would he make a mistake."

Inside the spired Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, in the packed lecture amphitheatre beneath the flickering gas lights, Dr. Bell daily tried to prove to his pupils that observation was not a magic but a science.

In the Royal Infirmary wards, in the dispensaries, especially in the outpatient department where ailing citizens were brought forward by student-clerks, Dr. Bell practised what he preached. Glancing at a newcomer, Dr. Bell remarked, "A cobbler, I see." He explained to his students "that the inside of the knee of the man's trousers was worn; that was where the man had rested the lapstone, a peculiarity only found in cobblers."

Students would remember, for years after, some of the master's deductive feats. One former student, Dr. Harold E. Jones, recalled that Dr. Bell would summon his charges up front to try their own hand at observing. "What is the matter with this man, sir?" Dr. Bell once asked of a quaking student. "No, you musn't touch him. Use your eyes, sir, use your ears, use your brain, your bump of perception, and use your powers of deduction."

At sea, the confused student blurted, "Hip-joint disease, sir."

Dr. Bell scowled, shook his head. "Hip-nothing! The man's limp is not from his hip, but from his foot. Were you to observe closely, you would see that there are slits, cut by a knife, in those parts of the shoes where the pressure of the shoe is greatest against the foot. The man is a sufferer from corns, gentlemen, and has no hip trouble at all. But he has not come here to be treated for corns. His trouble is of a much more serious nature. This is a case of chronic alcoholism. The rubicund nose, the puffed, bloated face, the blood-shot eyes, the tremulous hands and twitching face muscles, with the quick, pulsating temporal arteries, all show this. These deductions, gentlemen, must however be confirmed by absolute and concrete evidence. In this instance my diagnosis is confirmed by the fact of my seeing the neck of a whiskey bottle protruding from the patient's right-hand coat pocket. . . . Never neglect to ratify your deductions."

AT ONE time, when the young Conan Doyle was Dr. Bell's student assistant, a patient entered. "Did you like your walk over the golf links today, as you came in from the south side of town?" inquired Dr. Bell. The patient replied, "Why yes, did your honor see me?" Dr. Bell had not seen him. "Conan Doyle could not understand how I knew," Dr. Bell related later, "but on a showery day such as that had been, the reddish clay at bare parts of the golf links adheres to the boot, and a tiny part is bound to remain. There is no such clay anywhere else. . . ."

But the most famous example of Dr. Bell's skill was the one Conan Doyle retold in his autobiography. A civilian out-patient, a total stranger to Dr. Bell, came into his ward. In silence, Dr. Bell studied the visitor, then spoke.

"Well, my man, you've served in the army."

"Aye, sir."

"Not long discharged?"

"No, sir."

"A Highland regiment?"

"Aye, sir."

"A non-com officer?"

"Aye, sir."

"Stationed at Barbados?"

"Aye, sir."

Dr. Bell turned to his students. "You see, gentlemen, the man was a respectful man, but he did not remove his hat. They do not in the army, but he would have learned civilian ways had he been long discharged. He has an air of authority and he is obviously Scottish. As to Barbados, his complaint is elephantiasis, which is West Indian and not British." Years later, Conan Doyle was still sufficiently impressed by this incident to reproduce it in his Sherlock Holmes story "The Greek Interpreter."

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Ideas and Studies. *Is the future world order to be based on "Western Christian civilization," as Toynbee implies in "Civilization on Trial"? Or more narrowly on existing national groups, as Crane Brinton would have it in "From Many One"? Or must a revamping of national sovereignties precede an effective world order, as the world federalists argue? "A virile science cannot thrive on limited objectives," writes Harrison Brown below in reviewing "The Control of Atomic Energy." A viable world order depends, too, upon broad objectives, and upon the kind of constructive imagination that went into the framing of the revolutionary Atomic Energy Act. But how broad shall these objectives be? This is the great transcendental debate of our times. . . . In "Four Studies in Loyalty" (see below) Christopher Sykes has produced that rare thing in our voluble age, a book which is fresh and original.*

On the Right Road at a Snail's Pace

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL. By Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 263 *pp.* $3.50.

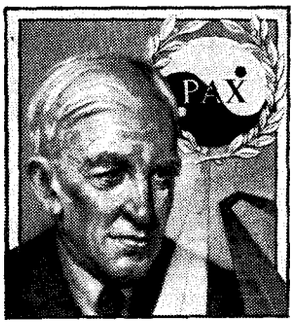
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

THE NAME Toynbee has become one to conjure with though not necessarily among historians and philosophers. He has captured the imagination of that large public, more literary than analytic, which a generation ago was reading Spengler and Keyserling and the H. G. Wells of "The Outline of History." There will always be a public, and a reasonably literate one, too, for writers with wide views who think in nothing less than epochs and continents. There is a special welcome in our age of uncertainty and confusion for an historian-cum-philosopher who seems to have the gift of reducing the present chaos of events and the multitudinous strands of past history into a formula that renders past and present intelligible and seems even to give fairly secure clues to the future.

Professor Toynbee, possibly to his own surprise, found last year from the remarkable popularity of the Somervell abridgment of his multiple-volumed "A Study of History" that he was meeting the diverse interests of the more literate and idea-enamored reading public. Joshua Liebman's "Peace of Mind," though scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with Toynbee's massive work, has one comparable characteristic. "Peace of Mind" combines religion and psychiatry; Mr. Toynbee in "A Study of History" and now in this miscellaneous collection of essays, "Civilization on Trial," combines religion and history, managing to unite large vistas and large categories, the vocabulary of "civilization," rise and fall, challenge and response, with the language which he explicitly uses of "the Kingdom of God," or redemption, of sin and of grace.

This is not the space to examine with care and in detail Toynbee's explanation of the rise and fall of civilizations in terms of challenge and response. Even in the abridged edition these themes were presented by Mr. Toynbee with picturesque and wide-ranging erudition, with flashes of poetry, and with a width of speculative retrospect and prophecy. In the field of the ancient world Mr. Toynbee is, of course, a first-hand scholar, and with respect to it his touch seems most sure. But he gives the effect of a knowing explorer of all ages.

This is not the place, either, to follow in detail the somewhat wandering path by which Mr. Toynbee comes in his large work to his often question-begging conclusions. But this new book, a collection of essays for various occasions and on a miscellany of themes, obviously is in the same terms of the larger work: of "civilization," though the author admits that "civilization" is never explictly defined, and the theme of challenge and response. There are the same theological assumptions—or conclusions—as in the big work. The net conclusion here is that our own civilization, "Western Christian civilization," that is, is moving at a slow pace and at long last to something like the world order to which, as I understand it, the Roman Empire, had it been touched with Christian grace, would have arrived. Mr. Toynbee in this new book expresses more hope for "our" civilization than is perhaps generally current, for he thinks our civilization, meaning by that "Western Christian civilization," not Eastern Christian incorporating the best features of Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism, transmut-



THE AUTHOR: At first glance, Arnold J. Toynbee is the Occidental concept of a Dalai Lama —angular and ascetic-looking, with fine, white hair, sharp cheekbones, and luminous eyes. Then he throws his head back in explosive laughter, and the illusion vanishes. Since February, between lectures on the prospects of civilization ("open to question"), he has been "lying low" at Princeton, continuing the final three of nine volumes comprising "A Study of History," last year abridged by D. C. Somervell into a marathon best seller. These will cover collisions between civilizations and their relations with religion. Besides his current book, "Civilization on Trial," he's author of "A Journey to China" and "A Survey of International Affairs." His personal chronicle includes British Foreign Office assignments (1915-19, 1939-46) and pedagogical posts at Balliol and Kings colleges (respectively, 1912-15 and 1919-24). Since 1925 he has been at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, where he is collaborating with his wife, Veronica M. Boulter, on a history of World War II. He reads French, German, Italian, Turkish, and Arabic, but, "if I feel strongly enough about something to write poetry, it comes out in Greek or Latin." "The prologue to 'Faust'," he says, "has had an enormous influence on me," plus the Chinese *yin* and *yang* ("challenge and response"). He believes life is working toward the Kingdom of God, although "Christianity is not the only approach"; in free will, even if "a great deal of life in the mass is determined. . . . How they fit together is more than I can tell." It puzzles him why we worry more than the English about Communism. He advocates a federation between Western Europe and America: "That's much more difficult to achieve than getting into another war—but not so difficult as getting out of one. However, we can't be on the move and growing without having a lot of trouble. . . . The devil is very useful sometimes." —R. G.

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My Current Reading

Arnold J. Toynbee, British historian, has the reputation of being the most erudite of contemporary thinkers, a reputation amply sustained by the list of his current reading printed below.

FAUST, *by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*
MEDIEVAL ISLAM, *by Gustav von Gruenebaum (Chicago)*
DE RERUM NATURA, *by Lucretius*
STUDI ORIENTALI, *by Castani*
MILITIA CHRISTI, *by C. G. Adolf Harnack*
ANNA KARENINA, *by Leo Tolstoy*
FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY, *by Christopher Sykes (Sloane)*
DATING THE PAST: AN INTRODUCTION TO GEOCHRONOLOGY, *by Frederick E. Zeuner (London, 1946)*
CHINA, A SHORT CULTURAL HISTORY, *by C. P. Fitzgerald (Appleton-Century)*
THE POEMS OF PRUDENTIUS

ing, as it were, competing civilizations of the present with Christian grace, will achieve one world, a Christian synthesis—if not the Kingdom of God on earth, at least the Church militant.

One cannot help wondering, in the first place, just what Mr. Toynbee means by the Church. It is clearly indicated that it is not the Greek Orthodox Church, for that is part and parcel of another civilization stemming back to the Byzantine. It is fairly clear, I think, that he does not mean the Roman Catholic Church. Since one of the essays in which the term "Church" is most used, and with a capital letter, was given as a lecture at Oxford, it seems not too far-fetched to believe that Mr. Toynbee has the Church of England or some reasonable facsimile thereof in mind. To this reader at least, the conclusion seems to be arrived at in advance. Surely, even taking "Christian" and "the Church" in a very loose and wide sense it would appear strangely parochial for a historian, so filled with the memory of twenty-one civilizations or more, to read the whole march of history in terms of a gradual fulfillment of the Christian philosophy and the Christian story. Certainly such a wise and cosmopolitan philosopher as Dr. Hu-Shi of China, or Dasgupta of India, must find these "conclusions" of Mr. Toynbee's oddly provincial. To one reader, at any rate, this reading of history seems the prophetic pieties of a widely read English gentleman rather than the fruits of the analysis of a historian, even of Mr. Toynbee's own analysis.

Among other things, there are an enormous number of philosophic issues which Mr. Toynbee, in this volume in any case, seems to beg, and so off-handedly that he seems not even to know he is begging them.

Surely a thinker who has spiritually traveled through so many diverse civilizations and studied so many religions must know that there are millions of Hindus and Buddhists who will raise their eyebrows at such a phrase as "the historical progress of religion in this world as represented by the rise of the higher religions and their culmination in Christianity"; surely there is a touch of almost rural rectory midnineteenth-century English condescension in such a phrase as "a pagan soul that has won salvation by making the best in this world of the opportunity [narrower than the Christian] that is open to it."

There would be few to quarrel with Mr. Toynbee that "man has been a dismal failure in the things of the spirit." But there are millions of secular-minded—and yet spiritual—men and women who would question the tacit assumptions involved in such a sentence as, "Man has been very bad indeed in getting into right relation with God." There are other explanations of man's spiritual failures than his failure to think and feel in terms of conventional Christianity. Certainly the enunciation of the familiar clichés of English Christianity is hardly a firm foundation for the future of mankind, which includes for better or worse those completely outside the Christian formulas and not likely, by present signs, to be en masse converted to it throughout the East. It is very ingenious of Mr. Toynbee to call Marxism a Christian heresy. The Russians can turn the tables, and they do.

There are other essays in this book, and highly suggestive ones: "The Dwarfing of Europe" is one, "Russia's Byzantine Heritage" is another. But the whole book is vitiated for the present reviewer by the bland assumptions, assuredly regarding argument rather than mere aphoristic dogma, that to understand history and our destiny we must "relegate economic and political history to a subordinate place and give religious history the primacy." And, apparently, Christianity the primacy among religions.

This pagan reviewer stands unconvinced. If Mr. Toynbee is reminding us of the neglected importance of "spiritual" or moral values in history, well and good. But surely it is unhistorical to treat other high religions as "inferior" forms of Christianity, and to leave out altogether those notable attempts of many thinkers as various as Spinoza, John Stuart Mill, John Dewey, and Santayana to read the course of events and to define moral and spiritual values without resort to the supernatural.

Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, wrote, among other works, "Philosopher's Quest," "Fountainheads of Freedom," and "Arts and the Man."

Radical Legislation

THE CONTROL OF ATOMIC ENERGY. A Study of its Social, Economic, and Political Implications. By James R. Newman and Byron S. Miller. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 434 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HARRISON BROWN

THIS excellent volume is concerned essentially with the problem of the control of atomic energy within the United States, and as such it is primarily an interpretation and explanation of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 (the McMahon-Douglas Bill). The authors are eminently qualified; both are lawyers and were closely connected with the many special problems that arose during the drafting and modification of the bill. James Newman served as counsel to the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy.

Few Americans are aware of the scope of the atomic energy legislation that has been enacted by Congress. In helping create awareness, the authors have performed a valuable service. Concerning the bill they say:

> . . . Make no mistake, the Atomic Energy Act is a radical piece of legislation. . . . It is, in sober fact, an act without precedent in the legislative history of this or any other country. Never before have men in any state, standing on the threshold of a new technological era, attempted to provide in advance for rational control of the forces to be unleashed. And never before in the peacetime history of the United States has Congress established an administrative agency vested with such sweeping authority and entrusted with such portentous responsibilities. . . . The field of atomic energy is made an island of Socialism in the midst of a free enterprise economy.
>
> To one who likes his history seasoned with paradox, the spec-

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tacle of a predominantly conservative Congress under the goad of the powerful conservative instinct of security enacting a thoroughly radical piece of legislation must provide considerable satisfaction.

After relating a brief history of the development of the Atomic Energy Act, the debates and hearings, the amendments and public fights, the authors describe the organization and structure of the Atomic Energy Commission and the various technical factors that set the pattern of controls established in the act. Following this, specific provisions of the act are discussed in detail: production and ownership of fissionable material, raw materials, radioactive by-products, industrial uses and the handling of patents, research and the control of information, military applications.

The authors give considerable emphasis to the problems of research and control of information. Seldom does one read a discussion of the methods of science, the relative merits of planned and unplanned research programs, and the general philosophy of the allocation of research funds that is as straightforward and clear as the one to be found in this volume. The authors, in spite of the fact that by profession they are not scientists, have demonstrated an acute awareness of the ideological and methodological conflicts that exist within scientific circles—indeed, an awareness possessed by all too few practising scientists.

The United States now leads the world in science and technology. We are tempted to believe, in the light of our technological achievements during the war, that our leadership in this respect will continue unhampered for many generations to come. But in point of actual fact, American science is in grave danger of suffering from stagnation, decay, and eventual death. If those who guide the destinies of our country do not soon learn the "scientific facts of life" our science will go the way of German science. We will turn into a race of technocrats where every thought, every experiment, is for an immediate practical purpose. We must realize that a virile science cannot thrive on limited objectives—that the nonsense of today may be the sense of tomorrow. As the authors of this book point out, the Atomic Energy Act attempts to take such clear, yet nebulous, realities into consideration. In this respect, the act is by no means perfect, but it is a bold step in the right direction.

Harrison Brown, nuclear chemist, was assistant director of the Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tenn. He went to the University of Chicago on a special assignment last year.

"Look and Despair"

FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY. By Christopher Sykes. New York: William Sloane Assocs. 1948. 240 pp. $3.

Reviewed by COURTLANDT CANBY

PERSIA is an overwhelming and terrible memorial to the transitoriness of earthly things. That immense plateau, once rich and well populated, is now a gaunt waste. Where great cities once flourished in the prosperous barbarity of the ancient empires, small villages, disfigured by a poverty terrible to see, mark an historic site. Directions are sometimes most easily maintained by following moldered tumuli which were once the strongholds of conquerors. Long ago all reliance on permanent human institutions was abandoned here. "Look and despair" is written large and legibly over that fearful, ravaged, and unspeakably beautiful country.

Christopher Sykes "is of a long line of restless, inquiring gentlemen of the Empire."

Christopher Sykes, who comes of a British family long associated with Persia and who himself knows the country intimately, writes, as above, with great insight about that grimly beautiful land in this unusual book. Yet, as the title indicates, "Four Studies in Loyalty is not a book about Persia, although in two out of the four essays the curious reader is entertained with able vignettes of that unhappy country. Nor is it about the French resistance, the subject of the last essay. One might call the book a study in biography, since it consists of a series of charming, deft, and at times profound sketches of contrasting personalities; but this again would not do justice to the author's design.

Perhaps it would be appropriate to seek an allegory of the real meaning of his book in his own words about Persia. "'Look and despair' is written large and legibly over that fearful, ravaged, and unspeakably beautiful country." "Look and despair" is the reaction, too, of an intelligent, sensitive being to the fearful, ravaged, yet unspeakably beautiful world we live in today.

> To say that is true. [I again quote Sykes, still speaking of Persia.] But it is only half the truth. Nowhere so beautifully as here is the poetry of the oasis manifest. The spring gushes cold and perfect in the middle of the howling desert. That man cannot be conquered by calamity is another message written smaller but as firmly over the face of that stone-strewn land.

In a world desolated and confused by conflicting philosophies and clashing ideologies, where man cannot help seeking for comfort and belief although the props of faith have been removed, there are still a few values that make life worth living in this stone-strewn existence — "gleams of splendid character piercing the blackness with an unearthly light" such as Sykes found in France among the maquis—oases of faith, of loyalty to a friend, to an ideal, even to a ridiculous dream. To live intensely, to express belief through action, to reveal human steadfastness in the face of calamity, this is the meaning of the book, this is loyalty, the "poetry of the oasis" in the midst of the howling desert of our times. One is reminded of the nobly tragic life of T. E. Lawrence, of the death of the airman Richard Hillary in Koestler's "The Yogi and the Commissar," even of the existentialist's grim faith in the duty to live fully, though the universe be meaningless.

Through these essays runs the basic theme of loyalty, uniting in a community of final nobility as diverse a crew as one could imagine, some pathetic, some ridiculous, some near great, but all very human and in some way intensely loyal.

Though Sykes digs deeply into the most central and poignant theme of our time—the search for a belief in enduring values—it is doing a disservice to this delightful stylist to spell out with such a heavy hand themes which he touches only lightly and mostly by implication. For Sykes is witty, casual, and disarming in his writing, and his essays — laid out in a mounting crescendo from the delightful profile of his namesake and uncle, the bewildered but loyal butt of Prince Edward's practical jokes, to the essay on the French resistance which closes the book—are all eminently readable. Christopher Sykes, the uncle, stooped, angular,

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with melancholy eyes, was recommended to Prince Edward by his singular ability to stand up to abuse, even when his royal friend, roaring with laughter, emptied glass after glass of brandy over the poor gentleman's head. But his loyalty to his Prince could not be shaken. Bahram Kirmani, guide extraordinary through the newly-opened mosques of Persia, was distinguished by his vaulting imagination, his love of vodka, and his globular figure—"the ellipse formed by his outline was very nearly circular." His loyalty consisted of a fanatical devotion to England and to Balliol College in particular, although he had glimpsed the latter only briefly.

Robert Byron, art-historian and gifted writer, who died in the war at the age of thirty-six, was made of sterner stuff. His loyalties—to Greece, to England, to the Europe that was threatened by the Nazi wave—were more complex. Sykes's long essay on his friend is a labor of love, and here, in the middle of the book, the story takes on a faster tempo, a deeper meaning, and culminates in the last essay with the vivid portraits of the maquis fighters among whom Sykes was dropped by parachute. Here, in enemy territory, he learned what men and women could do to defend "all that makes human life honorable and endurable."

The book ends, however, on a note of pessimism. In war, Sykes feels, and particularly afterwards, "the greatest virtues and follies of mankind are laid bare: the loyalty and unselfishness of danger and the remorseless reaction to our best qualities—when the danger is passed. Can there be any solution of this recurring and fatal predicament in human nature?" But there is one loyalty that has not been mentioned: the admirable loyalty of Sykes himself to his friends—to his gentle, much-abused uncle, to Bahram, whom in his later degradation he helped to support, to his French companions in resistance, but above all to his brilliant friend Robert Byron, whose life, like that of his relative Lord Byron, had been "illuminated by great devotions to great causes."

> The more I thought about Robert's life the more it filled me with a sense of exhilaration. How many lives, even such as are considered to be distinguished and admirable, could compare in the quality of action with this fragment of a life? And surely, I thought then, and still think, Robert was a man to be envied profoundly rather than pitied, because, for all the tragedy of his young death, he had already achieved the greatest of all ambitions: a life which was tremendously worth living.

The World.

Arthur P. Whittaker's "The United States and South America: The Northern Republics" is extraordinarily timely right now. The crisis in Europe has distracted attention from our worsening relations with Latin America, and the revolution in Colombia (Whittaker's book contains an up-to-date analysis of that country) has effectively concealed the fact that the Inter-American conference has so far been a dismal failure. Carleton Beals, who reviews Whittaker's book below, is the author of another recent study of South America, "Lands of the Dawning Tomorrow," which will be invaluable in the same context. . . . "Nomad," by the nephew of Somerset Maugham, also reviewed here, is a personal account of the Near East with the emphasis on the Arab, while Sir John Maynard's "Russia in Flux" is probably the most objective of the seemingly endless stream of studies of Russia to come out this year.

Bolivarian Handbook

THE UNITED STATES AND SOUTH AMERICA: The Northern Republics. By Arthur P. Whittaker. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 280 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THIS volume appears at an opportune moment, just at the time when Secretary Marshall is down in Bogotá, telling the astute and highly trained Latin American diplomats all about the economic bees and flowers. The bees, it turned out, are actually just good old-fashioned storks of private foreign capital. They alone carry pollen and bring the babies of prosperity.

The Latin American people happen to be closer to economic realities than those of most lands. The thinking of their writers and political leaders on such themes has often been profound and original. During two wars and a depression, a definite continental trend has taken deep root.

—"Peasant of Catamarca," by José C. Arcidiacono.

Latin Americans are "closer to economic realities than those of most lands."

Any bona fide interpretation of the southern lands, today growing faster than those on any other continent and which are destined to play an ever more important part in the future of the United States and its security in a troubled world, should be welcomed in the general hullabaloo of official propaganda that engulfs us and terrorizes us.

Mr. Whittaker's little volume is a compact, very elementary treatise on the five Bolivarian countries of South America, with a few suggestive hints about some of the problems. It is written with refreshingly honest sympathy for those lands, though without much verve or more than surface recitation of facts and statistics. It is part of the invaluable series of the new American Foreign Policy Library, edited by Sumner Welles, one of our few great authorities on foreign affairs, a series which already has five titles, including Vera Micheles Dean's fine treatise on relations with Soviet Russia. The setting of this latest volume is Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, a too sprawling selection, except that these are the highland countries, mostly with large Indian populations and mostly mestizo-ruled, although Mr. Whittaker would say, "white-ruled." He is right in saying that Spanish is "the mother tongue of the majority of their inhabitants" although this is not true in Ecuador or Bolivia or, probably, Peru.

The geographic picture of the region is here set forth in very simple language, also the leading characteristics of each country. This is all well-known ground, and the merit here is its abbreviation into tablet form which the high-school mind can assimilate. One of his clichés, however, may cause some eager guest on "In-

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formation Please" to lose the kudos. Colombia is not "the only country . . . that fronts on both the Atlantic and the Pacific." Mr. Whittaker's eye should have strayed on down the map to Chile.

The section on "political problems and leaders" is sketchy: the leaders are names without flesh and blood; the meaning of the political groups is not overly clear; the social and economic mainsprings are scarcely revealed. He plays down the "Communist menace," though some of its workings and methods might well have been set forth; he gives us no adequate picture of labor and health standards, and discounts the growing force of labor. He places his full hopes, as any good American would, on the new "middle class," although he feels that it is pretty likely to sign up for Christian Fascism, i.e., follow the Spanish Falange line, in a reactionary alliance with the militarists and the big landholders, rather than seek the path of democracy.

In the economic chapter many convenient statistics are made available, though without much analysis; wartime controls and changes are mentioned, also United States contributions, a study that might have been profitably told with close-ups. The cost-of-living table is worthless. For obvious reasons the various governments have shaved down the figures drastically.

He does not get behind the hush-hush veil of the Chaco war or the Chaco peace. In one paragraph he does point out the issue between the United States desiring credit, capital outlets, and trade, and the determination of the Latin Americans seeking proper economic independence, though desperately needing United States capital and machinery.

Mr. Whittaker's short treatise is chiefly admirable for its simple if not always lucid condensation, and he should not be criticized for any lack of profundity or completeness, but should be praised for so well carrying out his purpose of providing a small handbook and for having filled up his all too limited space with such an extraordinary wealth of material. However issue must be taken with him for recommending *El Comercio* of Lima as one of "the best" newspapers for "good news coverage." If he had stated that this is by far the worst of the big Latin American dailies, that in spite of its exceedingly poor and distorted coverage of Latin American and Peruvian news, it is valuable to students as a reflection of the "Creole Fascist" mind and a sort of house organ for a small feudal and snobbish clique, we should have hailed its inclusion.

Scrutinizing the Bear

RUSSIA IN FLUX. By Sir John Maynard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 564 pp. $6.

Reviewed by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE

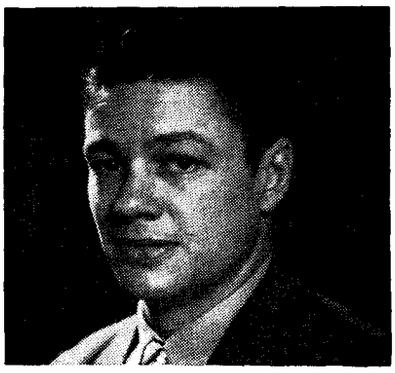
SOME five years ago, a friend sent me Sir John's books in the English edition. "A superannuated Indian civil servant," thought I, "what does he know about Russia"? But as soon as I read a score of pages, I was both thrilled and amazed. Clearly, the volume was written not only by a man of independent judgment who possessed a great deal of knowledge of Russian history but also by one who had a very rare insight into the Russian national character.

There were several good reasons for this competence, although all of them were secondary to the author's talent as an historian. Sir John had first visited Russia in 1895-96, when he already possessed some knowledge of the language. His other visits were in 1933, 1935, and 1937. These four journeys, combined with a thorough study of Russian thought and literature in the intervening years, had helped Maynard to develop the sense of historic perspective and the understanding of the vast social upheavals in the USSR, so sadly lacking in many current books on Soviet Russia. Where others saw sensational events, Sir John discerned the stream of progress. And he knew a great deal about the headwaters of that stream as well as about its lower reaches.

The American edition brings out in one volume both "Russia in Flux" and "The Russian Peasant and Other Studies" with certain abridgments and editorial revisions. The book covers an immense amount of ground, dealing both with the pre-revolutionary history of the empire and that of the USSR. The peasant and the church, the slavophiles and the radical intelligentsia, a sketch of Russian pre-Revolutionary thought, the 1905 Revolution, and the brief constitutional period it ushered in are incisively dealt with. These chapters throw a clear light on the crucial problems of old Russia and expose the roots of the Revolution.

The same selective treatment was applied to Soviet history. The chapters on the Communist Party of Russia, and the oppositional currents within it, are among the best of the volume. Both the collectivization of agriculture and the position of labor in the Soviet Union are superbly analyzed. The chapter on the constitution of 1936 is excellent, while the study of the personality emerging out of collectivism is a remarkable tribute to Maynard's acumen.

Sir John has been a member of the Fabian Society for many years. Yet his studies of Russia are anything but doctrinaire. The conclusions arrived at are not likely to please partisan ideologists of different hues. Neither Stalinists nor Trotskyites will like his assertion: "I think that Trotsky, if it had been he and not Stalin who had triumphed in the struggle of 1924-27, would have done very much what Stalin has done, and that his earlier actions and writings, when he was himself in power, afford



—Herald Tribune—Warman.

My Current Reading

John C. Crosby, whose nationally syndicated radio column has won wide acclaim for its astute criticism and generally adult point of view since he began it two years ago, is devoting much of his leisure time these days to books he has read before. As a matter of fact, all but the last title is being enjoyed for a second time. "In the case of the first six," he writes, "I was propelled by a sincere curiosity as to what popular novels written in the Twenties, or at any rate before the shadow of Hitler blotted everything out, were really like. I've found them all fascinating both as social studies and as exceedingly adroit fiction."

THE GREEN HAT, *by Michael Arlen (Doubleday)*

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, *by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner)*

THE SUN ALSO RISES, *by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner)*

A WARNING TO WANTONS, *by Mary Mitchell (Doubleday)*

WHILE ROME BURNS, *by Alexander Woollcott (Viking)*

DEBONAIR, *by G. B. Stern*

PICKWICK PAPERS, *by Charles Dickens*

THE POSSESSED, *by Fyodor Dostoievsky*

BARCHESTER TOWERS, *by Anthony Trollope*

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ample proof of this." The liberals will chide Sir John for his view of the Great Purges.

And yet, I do not know any other historian who has succeeded in holding up the mirror so well both to Trotsky and Stalin. "I repeat," says Sir John, "that Trotsky has been substantially right in his forecast of the course of the Revolution in Russia." In discussing the Five Year Plans he shrewdly remarks: "For the technique the leadership was indebted to the fertile inventiveness of the opposition, but it exercised its own political judgment in choosing the time for putting it into use. If Trotsky had gone bathing, and Stalin had stolen his clothes, the clothes at least fitted their wearer."

Maynard has a number of pertinent and penetrating comments to offer on the two aspects of Soviet policy so much in the public eye today—the motives which prompted Stalin to conclude the Russo-German pact of 1939, and the current pressure to which creative artists are being subjected by the authorities.

As to the pact, Sir John thinks that Stalin's motive was the desire to gain time to strengthen his military position and that he had made a great miscalculation regarding Britain's ability to stand against aggression.

On the artist's lot in the Soviet Union, Maynard remarks that the theatre is to the Bolsheviks what the Church was to the Orthodox. He explains the changing history of the Russian theatre by the Soviet insistence on a "revolutionary liturgy," on the one hand, and "the self-protective reaction of the philistine public who prefer to see 'Charlie's Aunt,' on the other. In speaking of Shostakovich and Prokofiev's earlier disgrace, Sir John mentions that a change in popular taste accounted for this and that it was wrong to suppose that "the guidance which brings about these changes is merely official." But he is quick to see that "to take away the wings of the artist and the thinker is to incur the danger of an arrested civilization."

The editing has been but indifferently done. This goes for the spelling of names (*e.g.*, Afinogenov's), the failure to eliminate repetitiousness, and the neglect to provide footnotes in places where Sir John's information was at variance with well-known facts (as in the matter of the famine of the early Thirties and the forced labor situation).

Sir Bernard Pares, the English historian of Russia, has said about this volume: "Every serious student of Russia of the Revolution should read and digest this book before he tackles any other." I second this suggestion.

Middle East Vista

NOMAD. By Robin Maugham. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 183 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGIANA G. STEVENS

IT WAS as a convalescent from wounds received with the British Eighth Army in North Africa that Robin Maugham discovered the Middle East. This book is an impressionistic record of that discovery. Since he brought to it an honest and perceptive mind, his story is of more than ordinary interest. He has been able to convey, in these almost casual sketches of his travels, much of the feeling of life in the desert countries between Cairo and Baghdad. Along with these impressions, Maugham comes up with some illuminating flashes of insight as to how Western peoples might make a more successful approach toward understanding the East.

Coming at a moment when some new approaches would appear to be critically necessary, Mr. Maugham's suggestions open several promising vistas. First there were the things he discarded instinctively in his quest for some understanding of the people around him. In Cairo there were the fashionable lunches with "old generals, ambitious politicians, beautiful scented women, and dashing young guardsmen." In the cities of the Levant there was the tawdry veneer of the cheapest elements of Western civilization which overlay their Moslem culture. Above all, there was the social and intellectual snobbery of the lesser sort of French and British civil servant, which insulated him from meaningful contact with the people of the country.

Being an idealist and something of a student, young Maugham set out to get behind these artificial barriers and to do something about removing them. Very soon in his travels, he conceived the idea of an Arab center for the intensive study of Arab history and culture, from which hand-picked British officers would go out to learn at first hand something of desert and village life. Such a preparation, he thought, would fit future representatives of his Government to deal with Arabs on a realistic basis:

> Our interest in the security of our communications can best be served by . . . Englishmen who can act as advisers and technical experts, and by producing diplomats who can persuade rather than dominate. . . . Above all . . . they must treat Arabs as equals and not as children or social inferiors.

Here, he believes, is the crux of the problem. His belief was fortified

during talks with his seniors in the field, Generals Glubb and Clayton. His account of meetings with both of these somewhat legendary figures is frankly colored by hero-worship. But it makes it plain that their influence in Middle East affairs stems directly from their respect for Arab dignity and intelligence.

In making this observation, Mr. Maugham avoids the fallacy of confusing respect for the Arab with complete romantic identification with him. His attitude is sympathetic, but refreshingly hard-headed. Thus, in traveling across the Arabian desert, he experiences the exhilaration of its expanses, its marvelous clarity and its stillness; and senses why it has produced the great prophets. But instead of succumbing to its mystique, in the fashion expected of the amateur Arabist, he remains himself impressed but not obsessed by the Bedouin way of life.

As Maugham sees it, you will not understand the Arabs better by slavishly imitating them. Nor is it necessary, in order to appreciate the desert, to become a nomad, or to attempt to become a prophet. In explaining why, he makes a useful contribution to a sound philosophy of relations between East and West. It helps, of course, to have it made with good temper, wit, and candor.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 735)

W. WHITMAN:
DAVID LILIENTHAL

In writing of him you miss the personal crotchets that make it easy to characterize the ordinary, ornery members of the human race. In a way it is as hard to describe David Lilienthal as it would be to describe a pane of glass.

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Personal History.

We present this week books on as varied an assortment of interesting personalities as one could choose. Two are autobiographical: Viola Goode Liddell's charming memoir of an Alabama childhood, and Freda Utley's very different "Lost Illusion," which is reminiscent of Eugene Lyons's ten-year-old "Assignment in Utopia." In the same class is Mikhail Koriakov's forthcoming, "I'll Never Go Back: A Red Army Officer Talks." . . . Among biographies are: Leopold Infeld's story of a nineteenth-century French mathematical genius, a biographical study of four American admirals, including Admiral Mahan, whose famous "Mahan on Sea Power" was released in 1947, and a life of the distinguished American printer Daniel Berkeley Updike, which can be supplemented by "Updike: American Printer and His Merrymount Press," essays published last year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

Workers' World and Welcome to It

LOST ILLUSION. By Freda Utley. Philadelphia: Fireside Press, Inc. 1948. 288 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ORIANA ATKINSON

"LOST ILLUSION" was originally called "The Dream We Lost," and was published shortly before Pearl Harbor. John P. Marquand urged Miss Utley to republish it after the war, since he felt that the book is an important human document. ". . . It is written with deep emotion and conviction," Mr. Marquand says in his introduction. "It is also written with honesty, fairness, and detachment."

Few will agree that the book is written with detachment. The story of Miss Utley's disenchantment with Communism and Soviet Russia is intertwined with her own love story. One cannot be written without the other. And it is not to be expected that a woman whose husband is torn from her by the Russian Secret Police, without explanation, imprisoned without a trial and never seen by her again, can write a "detached" book about the land where this took place. "Lost Illusion" is written for the most part subjectively, but it is none the less effective.

Miss Utley was born in England and the whole tradition of her family was liberal. Her training from early youth planted in her mind the libertarian values which motivated her later life.

She became a member of the Independent Labor Party in England when she was quite young. She threw herself into the work with ardor, espousing the Labor cause and speaking against the British Government at meetings all around London. Soon, however, she began to feel that the Labor Party was "too reformist and too imperialistic." "A few years later," says Miss Utley, "I was to realize that the behavior of the British Government was like that of a loving mother in comparison to that of the Soviet Government toward the Russian working class. The betrayal of the high hopes by the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party led me into the Communist fold." Thereafter she devoted her life to Communism for many years.

"I failed in my youth to perceive that Communism is a substitute for religion . . . in my case as in that of many young people of today, the instinctive desire for a religion was the compelling force leading me step by step into the Communist trap."

Her first visit to Russia was in 1927, during the period when the Soviets were enjoying their first prosperity. She returned to England full of enthusiasm and joined the Communist Party. She met Arcadi Berdichevsky, a Russian Jew who was not a party member, but who believed that a new and better world was being created in Russia. This belief was the main foundation for their lives together.

Miss Utley was holder of a scholarship at the Workers' Educational Association, reviewed books, and wrote articles. Although being a Communist was a handicap, she found tolerance of her beliefs. She longed to take part in the making of history.

Arcadi Berdichevsky was expelled from England in 1927 and Miss Utley joined him in Moscow in 1928 and they were married. Although they found life hard, they rejoiced in the opportunity to work together for the future of mankind. When her husband was transferred to Japan Miss Utley went there also. She gathered material for her book "Japan's Feet of Clay" during the year she and her husband lived there. Upon their return to Russia they lived in Moscow together for six years.

It was during these years that she began to realize the fate of the Russian people. It was then that her belief in the Russian Government began to fail. "It was to be borne in upon me how mild had been the tyranny of the Czars compared to that of Stalin," she writes.

Miss Utley left Russia, never to return, in 1936. It is possible that some things she writes about have improved. American journalists and UNRRA officials who have visited collective farms in the Ukraine within the last year or two have reported conditions better than Miss Utley found when she was in Russia. Yet her descriptions of the "chaos" in political circles and of the poverty and despair of the workers in Moscow are known to more recent observers to be much the same today.

"Today, however," she says, "The Soviet Government can ascribe its failures to the German invasion. . . . The few of us who lived in Russia earlier know that even in the best years preceding the Nazi attack the standard of life of the mass of the Russian people was lower than under the Czars."

Miss Utley is an economist, a student, a level-headed, thoughtful woman. She makes stinging accusations against the Soviet Government and she backs them by proof. She gives a close-up view of the ordinary white-collar worker in the Soviet Union and her book is valuable because of this.

Her story of her husband's unjustified arrest ("Six years ago, in Japan, he said something he should not have said") and of his imprisonment and of her own return to England with their son brings the story of her Moscow years to a smashing climax. "Lost Illusion" is required reading for thoughtful people who want to know how the Soviet Government treats its own loyal supporters.

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Geometry Genius

WHOM THE GODS LOVE. The Story of Evariste Galois. By Leopold Infeld. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 323 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

EVARISTE GALOIS was born at Bourg-la-Reine, in 1811, and was killed in a duel some five months before his twenty-first birthday. During the few years allotted him, he studied and rebelled at Louis-le-Grand and the Preparatory School (a poor substitute for the old Normal School), twice failed in his examinations for the Polytechnical School, fretted impotently during the July Revolution, engaged in adolescent subversive activities under the citizen king, and, in a frenzy of creative activity, made certain contributions to algebraic theory that assured the immortality of his name in the annals of mathematics. Now Leopold Infeld, himself a distinguished mathematician and physicist and a collaborator of Einstein's, has tried to make Galois live in another way: in a biography, written for non-professional readers, which boldly intermingles fact and fiction.

The attempt, unhappily, is far from successful. Mr. Infeld has stepped from a field in which he is a master into one which calls for talents and experience that are not his. The mark of the amateur is everywhere in "Whom the Gods Love." The author's style varies from lush to dry, his organization of material is awkward, and the pulse of life is to be found neither in the central character nor in the historical flux wherein Galois' brief drama was enacted.

It may be argued that Mr. Infeld set his hand to an almost impossible task; that Galois' achievement was exclusively mathematical, and that his biography therefore could be made interesting only to the mathematically-minded and informed reader. But this argument fails in face of the fact that "Whom the Gods Love" is most interesting precisely in those passages which deal with its hero's mathematical genius; that Mr. Infeld is never again as successful as he is when he describes Galois' discovery of the one world in which his spirit was at home. No reader who has ever enjoyed a sudden intellectual revelation of any kind, in any field, could fail to be stirred by the account of what happened to young Evariste when, for the first time, he opened a volume of geometry—in this case, Adrien Marie Legendre's "Eléments de Géométrie."

As he read page after page, he saw the building of geometry erected with the simplicity and beauty of a Greek temple. Reading quickly, he saw not only the particular theorems, but their interrelation, the architecture of the whole, and the magnificence of the structure of geometry. He found himself anticipating and guessing what was coming next; he saw the structure increasing before his eyes. Soon the class, his surroundings, comrades, masters, noises, smells, ceased to exist. Abstract theorems of geometry became more real than the world of matter. The building of geometry grew in his brain. While reading the theorems, he nearly always saw in one flash how to prove them and then glanced quickly through the text and drawings for confirmation of his thoughts. Soon he could omit the proofs; soon he anticipated many theorems and felt that he had known geometry for a long, long time. But his knowledge had been hidden from his consciousness by a dark curtain. The reading of Legendre's book tore aside the curtain and revealed the Greek temple. He felt as though a strong, helpful hand had removed him from Louis-le-Grand; he was no longer unhappy, because Louis-le-Grand had ceased to exist for him.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Leopold Infeld "has stepped from a field in which he is a master."

In two days he had read and completely mastered a treatise that had been designed for two years of study. "He knew everything in it, and he knew that all he had grasped would remain and grow in his mind to the last day of his life."

No. The trouble is not that Evariste Galois' contribution to knowledge was of a kind mysterious to most readers. The trouble is that Mr. Infeld is not a biographer. He has given us glimpses of a potentially interesting, even fascinating, character: a youth in whom genius was united with intellectual arrogance and insolence; a youth with a hot itch for persecution and martyrdom; a youth who had no tolerance for the business of daily living, whose revolutionary instincts were directed against life itself rather than against a particular system of government. He has, in short, crudely sketched a human being who incarnated with remarkable fidelity the popular conception of genius. We must thank Mr. Infeld for the sketch, but we cannot help wishing that he had been able to give us something more.

A Printer & His Shop

DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE AND THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS. By George Parker Winship. The Printers' Valhalla Series. Rochester, N. Y.: Leo Hart. 1947. 141 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE, founder of the Merrymount Press of Boston, was born in 1860 and died in 1942. He was a Rhode Islander of a South County family, bred in its traditions and reared in the tenets of the Protestant Episcopal Church; as a boy he spent more time learning the names of the saints than on the playfield. He had a quick eye, a retentive memory, and a great capacity for hard work. He entered into the profession of printing somewhat indirectly, by way of a small library job and a minor position with a Boston publisher. He served no apprenticeship at the case; he never, I believe, set a line of type: yet he founded a printing establishment which became famous here and abroad, conducting it successfully until his death, leaving a successful business behind him. He was not, like Benjamin Franklin, a great man in a printing-office, but, like Francis Childs, Isaiah Thomas, and Theodore DeVinne, a great printer.

The present book tells us the main facts in Updike's life, Mr. Winship being well qualified by long acquaintance and previous essays on the subject of the printer and his shop to tell the story. It is disappointing to find so little new material about a man who in his life insisted that his work speak for him. It may be that we have been told all that there is to know about the man, but there are many things we would like to have set down explicitly about his press—details of its struggles and methods—which would prove of great interest to printers and students of American business.

The book is not as well printed as it should have been when one considers the careful work of the Merrymount Press. It lacks crispness; and a wrong impression is given by repro-

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ducing two-color examples in one color.

Perhaps it is too early for the definitive work on the most famous of modern American presses and its presiding genius, but when it is done there is a human as well as a bibliographical story to be told.

Juggling 4 Admirals

ADMIRALS OF AMERICAN EMPIRE. By Richard S. West, Jr. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 354 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS book really deserves the long-suffering epithet "unique." There have been dual biographies in quantity, and Catherine Bowen achieved something like a triple-header in "Yankee from Olympus"; but this is the first time anyone has attempted to keep four balls in the air at once. The difficulty of the task is by no means minimized in the selection of the four admirals who are its subjects —Dewey, Schley, Sampson, and Mahan. Three of them are men of action, but of strictly limited influence and achievement. The fourth is a man of letters, who out of a somewhat humdrum personal life produced so enormously influential a work that nothing about him is half as interesting as the story of his impact on others.

In a sense the success of the book grows out of the very deficiencies of the material that went into it. Perhaps none of the four is worth a full-length biography. Yet in the lives and accomplishment of them all is so much of interest, and indeed of importance, to American history that none of them is a negligible figure.

Mr. West has been able to combine much of his four separate stories, because all the men worked against the same background; they entered the Naval Academy almost at the same time. Yet their four personalities present such striking contrasts as to make them particularly interesting in a literary sense. Mahan was all mind; Dewey a *bon vivant*, who might be called an archetypical Naval officer, with few ideas outside his profession; Schley a specialist in human relations and a leader of men; Sampson a technical student. Mr. West has made the most of these differences, not only in how they affected the men's careers, but in how they came to affect history.

The most interesting thing about the book is that these four add up to something more than an exercise in the study of personality. The brief flash of American imperialism that reached its peak at the close of the Spanish War lacked any such commanding figure as Cecil Rhodes or Bismarck, and as a result has been wildly misinterpreted—by such people as Walter Millis, for instance. Mr. West shows it here as more of a mass movement and less of a villainy; and his picture is the truer one.

To be sure, Mr. West tells the story only from the Naval point of view. (One of the minor merits of the book is that it constitutes a particularly clear and accurate history of the American Navy during thirty crucial years.) But the Navy was the major instrument of the United States's temporary adventure in imperialism; and unless one understands what went into and came out of the Service at that time, the whole episode will remain a mystery. It is peculiarly appropriate that this mystery should be so brilliantly elucidated at a time when another Naval war has once again left us with a collection of Pacific islands and no policy for dealing with the resultant situation.

Dixie Day-by-Day

WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT. By Viola Goode Liddell. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1948. 261 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS is a day-by-day account of life as it was lived by an average reasonably prosperous white family in the Black Belt of Alabama from the eighteen-eighties to the nineteen-twenties. It is another version of "Life with Father" and describes with considerable vividness a period in this nation's history which now seems as far away as the days of the Babylonians and the Chaldeans.

Mrs. Liddell, the jacket informs us, has written articles and poetry, and brings a professional touch to her highly personal narrative. But if most of the book is concerned with the large Goode family to which she belonged, and which had its expected share of adventures of many sorts, she does not neglect larger and more historical occurrences, and gives a careful account of the sweeping economic changes that took place within the years she covers.

The most striking characteristic of the life described by Mrs. Liddell, and one that has almost, if not quite, vanished from the American scene, was its lavishness and generosity. The setting of the story is Hilltop House, which very far from being a white-columned mansion of imperial dignity, was an incredibly casual collection of annexes, surrounded by "a dozen or more individual houses . . . rolled about like dice and settled down by chance to become the outhouses."

—*Collier, Pierce & Kraus.*

Viola Liddell "calls them 'darkies' and adds that the word had kindness and affection wrapped up in its meaning."

Father, who was a gentleman of enterprise and ingenuity, supplied the money that paid the bills for this menage, but its successful operation depended, naturally, upon an abundance of Negro servants. Mrs. Liddell calls them "darkies" and adds, with more truth than can be grasped by those who have never heard the word used in its proper setting, that it had kindness and affection wrapped up in its meaning. It did, but she says the old relationship of "unaffected love" must give way to "a more solid relationship of mutual respect and responsibility."

The good plantation owners of this period, who were, happily, enough in the majority, were responsible and thinking men, and it is not at all surprising to find Mrs. Liddell describing her father as an avowed enemy of the revived Ku Klux, whom he called "openly and to their faces the scum of the earth." Here, as in many other places, the book has very definite value as a fair and honest account of the Southern attitudes which had far greater influence on race relations than the more sensational and dramatic clashes that made the headlines.

There are many humorous stories in the book, and some of them may very well be enjoyed by any reader, although the majority belong to the familiar variety, and, like a good many of Mrs. Liddell's smaller details, prove of not very much interest or entertainment. Nevertheless as a complete and detailed picture of a way of life essentially American and at the same time very Deep Southern, the book has undeniable historical and social importance and interest.

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The Case of Robert Maynard Hutchins

From our Letters-to-the Editor basket:

SIR: The rather ample personage of Robert M. Hutchins seems to have dominated recent issues of *SRL*—whether to his advantage or disadvantage I am still trying to find out.

The article accompanying the World Constitution Draft prepared at the University of Chicago was adulatory in the extreme; the article by Dixon Wecter the following week was severe, even blistering in spots. Put both issues together and it's like looking at someone through two telescopes—one for each eye—but one of the telescopes is turned the other way. I'd like to get some focus. The editorial by H.S.C. last week helped some; but I think your readers are entitled to know just where you stand.

EDWARD DOWNES.

New York, N. Y.

* * *

IT GOES—or at least should go—without saying that the editors don't necessarily agree with all the reviews or articles in *SRL*, nor do they make such agreement a condition of publication. Once a book is assigned, the reviewer enjoys both autonomy and sovereignty—a fact which we seldom seem able to impress on those of our former friends whose books were roundly roasted in these pages.

Now for the case at hand — the essay review by Dixon Wecter appearing three weeks ago in *SRL* under the title "Can Metaphysics Save the World?" Mr. Wecter used the much-discussed new book by Richard M. Weaver, "Ideas Have Consequences," as the springboard for a general discussion of Hutchinsism in American education—for the book was published by the University of Chicago Press, and its author seemed to Mr. Wecter to be a fairly representative product of the thinking generated, if not sponsored, by and under what Mr. Wecter calls the Chicago system.

Mr. Wecter's qualifications require no itemization from us or anyone else. His books, his general scholarship, his investigation into the American past and present, his ability to think and write with insight, clarity, and precision—all these have placed him in the front ranks of American scholars and observers. *SRL* is proud to include him among its contributors.

Passing from contributor to contribution, while we admire the vigor and brilliance of his presentation and are awed by his marksmanship, we take issue with his choice of targets. We can agree thoroughly with the need to avoid the danger of what Mr. Wecter refers to so aptly as the "unity - by - mandate" approach to knowledge; or the danger of imposing—especially in the name of universalism—a stifling historical provincialism that has its classical and metaphysical center of gravity in the Middle Ages; or the danger of having theology overtake education; or the danger of mistaking veneration for education in the reading program.

Yet there are important indications that these very real dangers can be and actually are being brought under control. For the Chicago experiment is still fluid. Despite the apparent rigidity of a seemingly all-pervasive educational dogma, things have a way of happening on the Midway that are anything but static or retrogressive. Indeed, the Chicago laboratory seems to have broadened out vastly—beyond and even away from its old designs and concepts. Before the war we might have been willing to subscribe to the separate counts and the general conclusions of Mr. Wecter's indictment. But since that time and especially during the past three years many positive factors in the Chicago equation are in evidence.

Unless we completely misread all the signs, what has happened is that the *climate* seems to be overtaking or at least conditioning the *system*. The atmosphere of academic freedom in which the "system" was born is now forcing the system to prove itself in full and free competition with other systems and ideas. It is not a contest in which this particular system must triumph absolutely or perish. It is rather a process of constant exposure to the strong surrounding light of free inquiry. For whatever its hereditary genes may be, the system is being shaped by, and is responding to, its environment.

For it is that environment rather than any dogma that represents the real Chicago story. It is impossible to spend any time on the campus without sensing the vitality of true academic freedom—not the academic freedom which limits itself (instead of being limited from without) to stump speeches or political activity, but the academic freedom which Holmes used to call the open marketplace of ideas. The spirit of independence, particularly as it applies to research, that Herbert Spencer believed was the most important element in learning, gives Chicago both its dominant characteristics and its chief claim on the future.

This atmosphere by itself and of itself may not produce the perfect educational system or curriculum, but no system or curriculum would be worth beans without it.

IS IT an accident that many of the nation's leading scientists have flocked to Chicago? In terms of pure research facilities, other universities can offer the scientists better equipment. Does Chicago pay more to its scholars? Far from it; as Mr. Wecter himself pointed out, the University even has a claim on outside earnings of its scientists. What, then, is it?

The answer lies in the recent developments of science. The past few years have seen not one revolution in that field but two. The revolution in understanding and utilizing basic energy led in turn to the revolution marking the end of the ivory-tower period of American science.

In attempting to tear the mask off the cosmos, the scientist succeeded only in bringing man face to face with himself. Instead of revealing the universe, man revealed himself. To the scientist, the closer man came to conquering nature, the greater his own threat to himself. It wasn't the fault of new machines or new weapons, for these machines and weapons were only a projection of the arm and mind of man. The problem was—as it has always been—man himself.

The responsibility felt by the scientists was not merely the result of a guilty conscience for having utilized their new knowledge to create monstrous devices that could cut off the vast current of human life or, even more fiendishly, to change the form of life itself. The threat was not the atomic bomb but the circumstances which made it necessary to invent it and the circumstances which will make it necessary to use it. It was not so much guilt but awareness that caused the scientists to reach out beyond the laboratory and attempt to become articulate. All this training had conditioned them for splendid isolation, but they could no longer be blind to the implications of their work. Turning their backs on science alto-

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gether would represent no solution; for the test tube and the cyclotron were supremely neutral. Questions of war and peace were not determined in or by nuclear reactors—which were just as well equipped to liberate man from poverty and disease as they were to rip him apart.

It was natural and necessary that the men who were closest to the future should attempt to safeguard it. But if you are a scientist, what do you do? What do you say? How do you get people to listen? How do you go about convincing them that the world can no longer afford the final mistake of war? And if the world is already divided, how do you get at least your own part of the world to take vital leadership in a supreme effort to establish world law? In terms of your own profession, how do you get support behind the attempt to use science to make peace at least as efficient as war? How do you get across to the public an understanding of all the ramifications and implications of the new technology?

These questions were new, and in the attempt to answer them, the scientists needed advice, they needed support, they needed assurance that they would not be hounded because of their beliefs, they needed friendly laboratories, and they needed leadership.

It should be no surprise that so many of them turned and are turning towards the University of Chicago. The inducements are not obscure. There is an absence of stuffed-shirtism higher up. There is the soul-satisfying knowledge that a project will be given a full chance to prove itself. And, finally, though basically, there is Robert Maynard Hutchins himself. They know that their chief can be counted on to stand behind them at a time when scientists are recognizing larger responsibilities than to their own disciplines alone. If a poll were taken among American scientists—not merely at Chicago—as to which single person is contributing most today to the advancement of science in America, it is at least a fair bet that the winner would not be a scientist but Chancellor Hutchins.

Little wonder that some of the most seminal scientific thinking and research in America today is being done at the U. of C.

The gravitation of the scientists towards Chicago is described by Mr. Wecter as paradoxical in view of Chancellor Hutchins's oft-expressed concern over "modern man's immersion in science, technology, and specialization." Another paradox pointed out and up by Mr. Wecter is that the "humanities have been going to seed" while Hutchins has been "exalting grammar, rhetoric, and the Great Books."

That Chancellor Hutchins has generously surrounded himself with paradoxes over the years has been fairly well established. But it is equally apparent that not all these paradoxes are to his discredit; indeed, a detailed study of his administration may some day be written under the title, "The Saving Paradoxes of Chancellor Hutchins." Many observers who are appalled at what Hutchins says frequently find themselves applauding what Hutchins does. They may be nettled at his habit of shooting from the hip in offhand remarks—and sometimes even in public statements. But they are even more impressed with the fact that along with his candor goes courage of a very high and valuable order.

This courage is more than an unharnessed trait. It supplies much of the basic energy which has gone into the program to put the university on a world footing. For here, in what is traditionally the geographical center of American isolation, there is a real sense of responsibility to the world community. There is an awareness that the future of education, like everything else today, depends on the ability of man—not over the course of the coming centuries, but during the next few years—to do two things: first, to keep the planet from blowing up in his face; second, to lay the foundation of peace under justice, for the goal is not merely non-war but definite world health.

Is it less than inspiring that an American university should have taken the initiative in sponsoring the careful study of a group of scholars leading to the proposed draft of a constitution for a world government? At a time when the word "impossible" has become the irresponsible response to the issue of world law, the University of Chicago has at least attempted to think through the problem on the theory that the human race is ready for anything it really needs. Any list of candidates for this year's Nobel Peace Prizes would be incomplete without the names of the members of the Committee to Frame a World Constitution of the University of Chicago.

For whatever the state of the humanities may be at Chicago today, humanitarianism rules the roost.

N. C.

Book Marks

WE are perpetually fascinated by the elaborate copyright credits required by the proprietors of "popular" songs when a novelist quotes a line or two from any of their properties — the credits are frequently longer than the citations. Would it be safe to mention a Stillson wrench in a novel without a reference to the patent number?

No writer ever had such a high old time going around in circles (or, more accurately, in spirals, since circles do make both ends meet) as Thomas de Quincey. He was the ranking high priest of discursiveness, first lord of the rambling paragraph, keeper of the great digression. We came on a splendid example of this obsession the other day in the final chapter, "Notes on the Use of Opium," of "Additions to the Confessions of an English Opium Eater." De Quincey explains, not without relish, that at "the meridian stage of my opium career," he used "'*fabulous*' quantities"—the italics and quotes are his, and he prefaces "fabulous" with "according to the modern slang phrase." Well, those fabulous quantities were eight thousand drops of laudanum a day, and to make the thing sound really good he translates this dose not into goblets, or buckets, or hogsheads, but teaspoons. And now, cutting outside left tackle into a footnote, he is off:

> The ordinary teaspoon in this present nineteenth century is nearly as capacious as the dessert-spoon of our ancestors. Which I have heard accounted for thus: Throughout the eighteenth century, when first tea became known to the working population, the tea-drinkers were almost exclusively women; men, even in educated classes, very often persisting (down to the French Revolution) in treating such a beverage as an idle and effeminate indulgence. This obstinate twist in masculine habits it was that secretly controlled the manufacture of teaspoons. Up to Waterloo, teaspoons were adjusted chiefly to the calibre of female mouths. Since then, greatly to the benefit of the national health, the grosser and brownest sex has universally fallen into the effeminate habit of tea-drinking; and the capacity of teaspoons has naturally conformed to the new order of cormorant mouths that have alighted by myriads upon the tea-trays of these later generations.

Let's see—where was he?

* * *

There are good novelists, indifferent novelists, and novelists who use "crepuscular" and "velleity."

J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Less Marxism than Poetry

SIR: The implication of Gustav Davidson's review of Bertolt Brecht's "Selected Poems" [*SRL* Mar. 20] is that they contain more Marxism than poetry. Mr. Davidson believes that only "those who think like Brecht" will find anything much to admire in the new volume. I disagree. I am no Marxist and no fellow-traveler. My books are roughly treated in the Communist press. But I find a lot to admire in Brecht's verse, and I would ask readers of *SRL* to look through the new volume and see if Mr. Davidson's account of it is not one-sided.

For instance, Mr. Davidson says nothing of the poems that were written before Brecht was appreciably influenced by Marxism, poems which have been very well spoken of by violently anti-Stalinist critics like Clement Greenberg. Instead, Mr. Davidson misquotes H. R. Hays and quotes as Brecht's own opinion a cynical remark of Mr. Peachum's in Brecht's version of "Beggar's Opera." Another thing: Mr. Davidson quotes Rilke in German, Brecht in English; which is another way of stacking the cards. Well, again I must direct the reader to the book under review. It contains some quite bad poetry—and also some of the best written by any German in the past twenty-five years.

ERIC BENTLEY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

A Chide for "The Ides"

SIR: This is, via you, a plaintive appeal to Thornton Wilder.

I have just finished reading "The Ides of March." I am far from a priggish pedant, and I grant Mr. Wilder freely the right to juggle dates and resurrect the dead in order to round out his "fantasia."

However, there is a limit, and I draw it at his direct quotations from Catullus. He quotes a number of passages in the original—but apparently from memory, though the poems of Catullus are certainly easily available. In any event, in nearly every instance there are gross school-boyish errors in the Latin. Some of these may be typographical boners, but when it comes to quoting perhaps the two most beautiful lines in Latin poetry, from Catullus's best-known poem, and then completely altering them for the worse, I arise to protest. Catullus's lovely:

Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda

becomes, at Mr. Wilder's hands and for no possible reason:

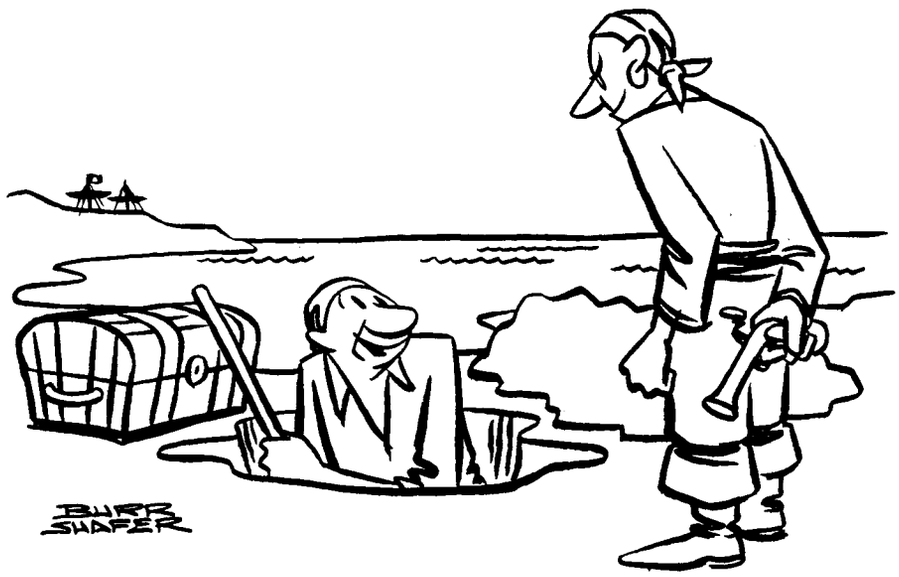
Nobis, cum semel brevis lux occisus est,
Nox est perpetua et una dormienda.

Probably no one but a Latinist can understand how this ruins the meter and flattens the poetry; but Mr. Wilder is supposed to be a Latinist.

This book is going to have a wide circulation. Would it be asking too much of the publisher if, for future editions, he had someone go over Mr. Wilder's quotations, with a volume of Catullus in hand, and put them back the way Catullus wrote them?

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Did it occur to you, Captain Kidd, that you and I will be the only ones to know where this treasure is buried?"

International Solidarity

SIR: The International Solidarity Committee has been sending aid to trade unionists, to liberals, and socialists in Europe on a non-factional basis. It has sent food and medical aid, and it has been able to give help to some of the heroic anti-fascists of Europe. It is a democratic and a non-Stalinist organization, and has been endorsed by trade unionists such as Luigi Antonini, A. Philip Randolph, Samuel Wolchok and others. In addition, it has been supported by Norman Thomas, Roger Baldwin, Dr. John Dewey, and other prominent and distinguished Americans. This committee has now organized a cultural section to send books and reading material to European trade unionists, to liberals, and Socialists. May I apppeal to *SRL* readers to send books which they don't want to the International Solidarity Committee at 112 E. 19th St., New York City. Please send any books, because books not of a serious character, and not worth sending to Europe, can be sold or traded in for other books of more significance.

May I also appeal for help for the medical aid section of the International Solidarity Committee. It sends drugs and vitally necessary medicines to the victims of concentration camps, Jewish survivors of the death camps, Germans who stood up to the Gestapo, Poles, Norwegians, Austrians, Italians, and Spaniards who fought against Franco. If interested persons would get sample drugs from their doctors and send them to the International Solidarity Committee's medical aid section, this would be of the greatest help.

Helping this committee is one way to strengthen the anti-totalitarian forces in Europe.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

New York, N. Y.

Degrees of Guilt

SIR: Mr. Archibald MacLeish ["The Artist as President" *SRL* Mar. 27] refers to the year 1947-1948 as "the year of the field marshals and the billion-dollar plans, the year of the secret police and the National Association of Manufacturers." The inference to be drawn from this statement is that American manufacturers are in the same moral category with Stalin's secret police.

One often encounters similar innuendos. Our second-class citizens, the Negroes, are spoken of in the same breath with Russia's out-and-out slaves, the concentration camp inmates. Because we have Hearst and McCormick, our newspapers are hinted to be as evil as the totally regimented Soviet press. Occasionally an American professor loses his job for being a Communist—quite as serious as the absolute extinguishment of academic freedom in Russia. Have the "liberals," who, like Mr. MacLeish, draw these implied comparisons, so lost moral perspective that they can no longer distinguish between degrees of guilt?

CATHY MOIGN.

Arlington, Va.

Give Us Khachaturian?

SIR: This is a challenge to all American intellectuals. When over a year ago by a decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of USSR, Anna Akhmatova was silenced and barred from literary activity, it caused no disturbance whatsoever on the placid surface of American intellectual life. After all, who knew, or knows, Anna Akhmatova? She is merely a great Russian poet, perhaps

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one of the greatest, and if the Soviet Government decided to silence her, they knew what they were doing.

But now the picture has changed. By a new decree of the Central Committee of the Communist Party seven noted Russian composers stand condemned for ideological shortcomings and subservience to the West. If these composers will not repent (as the film director Sergei Eisenstein did after the second part of "Ivan the Terrible" had been banned), they will be deprived of all means of livelihood. The language of the musician is more universal than that of the poet. The plight of Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, Miaskovsky, and the rest may strike nearer home than the plight of Anna Akhmatova.

A group of composers (Stravinsky, Copeland, Harris, and others) recently sponsored a concert in Hollywood by Hanns Eisler, that poor persecuted German composer who left voluntarily after being sentenced to deportation from these reactionary States.

Are there any intellectuals willing and ready to take up the cause of the seven Soviet composers? It is evident from the Central Committee's resolution that the works of these composers are not suited to the new Soviet Russia. Very well, then, the West can use them. Petition the Soviet Government to deport them, exile them, grant them visas to the U. S. A.

M. JELEZNOV.
Novoye Russkoye Slovo.
[Russian Daily].
New York, N. Y.

Kiddies Know Best

SIR: Thanks for your publication of John Mason Brown's radio speech re the comics [*SRL* Mar. 20]. Here's my reply to Mr. Capp's irrelevant defense —and to the whole argument:

A RAP FOR CAPP

("—don't worry about the kids, they're usually right.")

If Tommy lashes Cousin Percy
Don't interrupt him. Mercy!
What harm can it possibly do?
When Hector ties his sister Jill
Down on top a red ant hill,
Should you chide or censure? Poo!

If sometimes Mary smokes a reefer,
Object!—It's probable she'd liefer
Have a shot of morphine anyway
instead;
If Bessie dresses like a tart,
Don't stop her—that's considered
smart
By the chesty "ladies" in the muck
she's read.

If Eddie gets a shiny gat
And shoots his daddy in the prat,
Just compliment his aim;
Should Peter knife his doting
mother,
Stick an ice-pick in his brother,
Say, "a medical career will bring
him fame!"

Give up, in short, that mad ambition
To improve the world's condition
—Taken all in all, the outlook is exceptionally bright!—
Let the omnipresent Comic
Guide you through this age atomic.
Or consult your little sadist—he's inevitably right!

EDMOND RICHARDS.
Memphis, Tenn.

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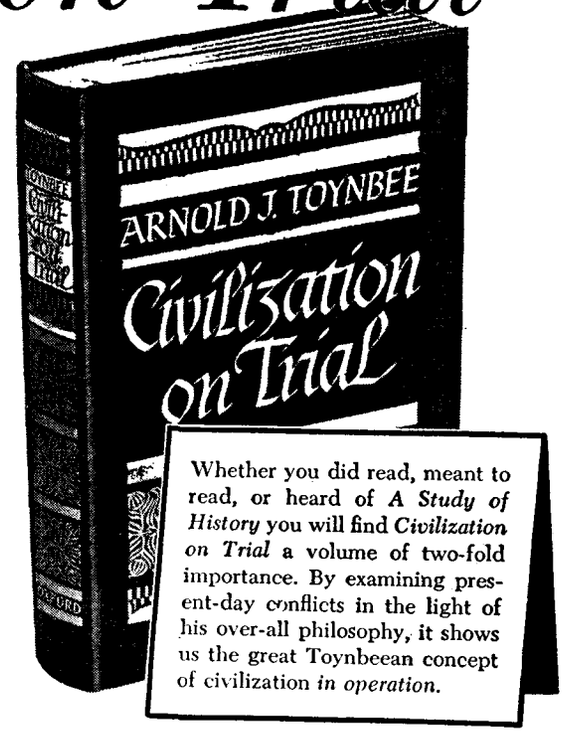

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– CHARLES J. ROLO, *Atlantic Monthly*

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Fiction. *Two distinguished novels reviewed this week deserve serious attention because they illustrate the unique problems of today. Storm Jameson's "The Black Laurel" reveals the corrupting influence of degradation and misery on the minds of Englishmen sent to rule Western Germany. Humphrey Slater's "Conspirator" tells the frightening story of the Britisher of high rank and birth who becomes a Communist, then a traitor, and finally a spy for the Kremlin. Involved in both are moral issues that lie at the heart of world turmoil, first elaborated in Rebecca West's "The Meaning of Treason." As antidotes to this painful research into the conscience of modern man, you will find Marion Hargrove's "Something's Got to Give," a sparkling comedy of love and the radio. The Chilean novelist Maria-Luisa Bombal offers another kind of relief in "The Shrouded Woman," a fine example of the tortured love romance that flourishes in South America, compelling in spite of its exotic and oddly Victorian flavor.*

Berlin Tragedy

THE BLACK LAUREL. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 338 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

BERLIN—a few months after the occupation — a Walpurgis Night scene of ruins and dead houses where half-starved men, women, and children lived in moldy cellars or disintegrating tenements and crawled like lean rats over streets choked with rubble, breathing the odors of dust and corruption—this is the bleak background of Storm Jameson's novel of English conquerors and defeated Germans. The novel is haunted with forebodings of disaster, with the sense that civilization is in peril, and that the men who have been sent to rule chaos and bring order out of dissolution may sink along with the wretched victims into a bottomless gulf. Since this gifted novelist is writing of the conflict between the motives of men and the struggle to endure the sight of torn and bleeding Europe, her story is of less importance than the moral issues involved.

Gary, a millionaire with vast power and political ambitions, on the surface a cultured and charming English gentleman in the best tradition, gathers around him men he believes can serve his hidden plans. They are eager to serve, for to most of them the end of the war has meant the loss of careers. For the secure future he offers them, he expects blind devotion to himself and to his idea that he alone can save the world. They are an interesting and diverse group whom he watches and guides with shrewdness and with the affectionate contempt of a wise father toward his erring and weaker sons. There was Major General Lowerby, who could not bring up his three sons on his pension and so became an opportunist. Major Brett, the general's assistant, was intelligent and honest, but he was cursed with a tongue that ran away with him, a wife who was unfaithful, and a beautiful daughter he did not know how to raise. Gary had also captured Flight Lieutenant Arnold Coster, a thoughtful and quiet young man who served him as his air pilot, and who reminded him of his dead son. He established himself and his followers in the magnificent suburban country house of a German nobleman who became involved with most of the other characters in a strange conspiracy that finally destroyed Gary's plans.

One of Gary's motives in coming to Germany was to enlist as a disciple a German philosopher of the deepest integrity who is revered by millions of his countrymen. Lucius Gerlach had lost faith in the future of man. He believed the next war would blot out every present civilization, and he was beginning to preach that German salvation lay in atonement for guilt and the acceptance of poverty. The cold cynicism of his old friend revolts him. The secret order Gary is trying to found to rule Europe, so that for the first time in history power would be in the hands of one man, he knows to be pure Fascism. "You will fail, too," he told Gary, "even if they don't revolt against you—if you can persuade them to live in a world without conscience or freedom, without justice—even then your human atoms will die of boredom." He was the first to recognize the strain of madness in Gary, who had asked him,

> Why should I respect a myth? Hasn't it lasted long enough—the myth of man's indestructible spirit? Indestructible, and under God, free? Let me tell you and all the other nursemaids that men can be created in any form. With X-rays we can break up the chromosomes and shake up the genes in them. If order depends on making men less unreliable, it can be done.

Among all the ambitious realists, the self-seekers who came to Germany to find jobs in the commissions and bureaus and agencies in the British Zone there were few who seemed to have any faith in what they were trying to do, as if the spectacle of degradation and ruin about them had in itself the power to corrupt. It became the duty of David Renn, a British agent, to send to trial for murder and attempted robbery a German art expert who was trying to track down some of the loot stolen from Polish museums. Nearly everyone knew the man was innocent; Gary alone could have saved him, but contempt for the life or death of any individual unimportant to him would not permit him to raise his hand.

The trial and execution of this almost unknown man, caught in the relentless chain of events, is the slen-

Storm Jameson: "I got a vision of Europe which both horrifies and encourages me."

Marion Hargrove aims his blast "at the sham and pretense of the 'sophisticated' world."

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der thread on which the story is suspended. The conscience of the new rulers of Western Germany was awake but stifled by their cynicism and bewilderment. The art dealer had been defended by Gerlach; and when the philosopher was murdered by his crippled nephew, whose soldier father was, perhaps unfairly, executed in an English prison camp, the chain of senseless cruelty was complete.

"The Black Laurel," Storm Jameson's twenty-sixth book, is the result of official trips to Europe in 1945 in which she visited Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Germany. She is quoted as saying, "During both these trips I got a vision of Europe which both horrifies and encourages me." In the pages of this novel it is difficult to see any trace of encouragement for the future in her exploration of the depths of misery and degradation in which her characters are plunged, nor do any of them, however complex or ingenious, believe in themselves as saviors or in any hope or future for the heart and center of Europe. This is certainly one of the most readable and thoughtful of the several novels of its kind that have recently appeared, but like the rest it is confused and somewhat obscure, as if everyone, conquerors and conquered, walked in the shadow of destruction and hopelessness, only waiting for the approaching final storm to obliterate the ruined cities and blacken the earth itself.

Baby Talk

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE. By Marion Hargrove. New York: William Sloane Associates. 1948. 312 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

UNTIL the appearance of this first novel, Marion (See Here, Private) Hargrove was a young man on the spot. The book that shot him into nationwide prominence in 1942 was an amateurish effort; it came at precisely the right time, however, when its subject—the predicament of a civilian turned soldier—was everyone's concern, and his reputation was made. Since then, people have been expecting something more from him—something more and, since he was a very young man in 1942, something better. He had two alternatives: he could have rushed into print the minute he pinned on his discharge button, with a "See Here, Citizen Hargrove," or he could have chosen to wait for another book idea that he wanted to do. If only to save face, his new book had to be good. Mr. Hargrove waited six years. He has now produced a fresh,

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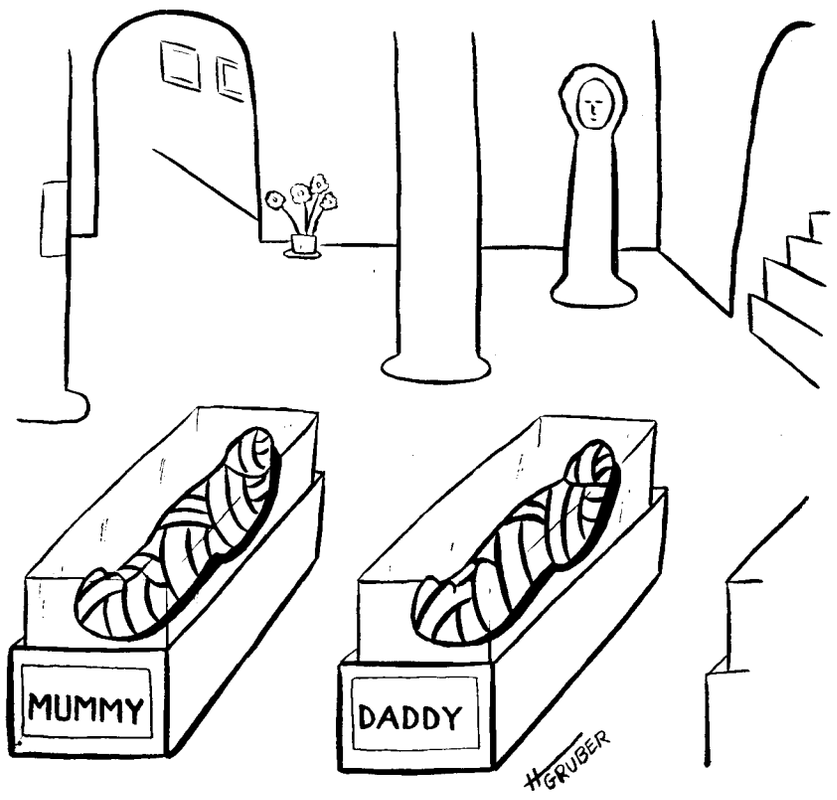
"Something's Got to Give" is the story of Joe and Carolyn Dobbs and Chuck and Betsy Bartlet, two nice young couples who live with their children and mortgages in two pleasant houses near New York. Joe and Chuck are veterans; both are writers, both have enough money to get along, and both are sublimely happy. Their wives, on the other hand, suddenly decide to be restless. They keep thinking of all the things they'd like to have for their houses: pianos, electric dishwashers, new furniture, maids, etc. At the pace their spouses are going, they reason, they have as much chance of getting these conveniences as Norman Thomas has of winning a Presidential election. They take matters into their own hands, and therein begins Mr. Hargrove's story.

The method the wives choose is a radio program, "Airing Our Children." They talk about their babies to each other every day, they say: why shouldn't they do it on the air, for Money? Why not, indeed? The husbands can think of hundreds of reasons, but the wives are adamant. Before long, to their horror, Joe and Chuck are drawn into the project themselves. A sponsor appears in the person of T. Cranston Lydecker, who manufactures oil for babies' bottoms. The girls go on the air, and America goes wild over them. The great commotion begins.

Just as Mr. Hargrove's first book was a protest against Army stupidity, so is this second a blast aimed at the sham and pretense of the "sophisticated" world. The radio and advertising agency men, the columnists, the celebrity-collectors, the salesmen, and the crackpots who hound the young Dobbses and the Bartlets are not merely pests who plague celebrities; they represent the menaces besetting the simple man in a rigidly materialistic world. The dilemma of Mr. Hargrove's unhappy couple is, unfortunately, the dilemma every honest individual faces.

Because of its somewhat episodic structure, the novel slows down here and there; but the people are so likable, and Mr. Hargrove's dialogue so bright (some of the scenes, such as the one where Joe Dobbs meets a judge who is an "Airing Our Children" fan, are extraordinarily funny) that few readers will put down "Something's Got to Give" until they find out how the quartet gets untangled from the web they have made for themselves. It is difficult to imagine anyone—even Mr. Robert Ruark (the poor man's Pegler), who used to emit ill-considered, sheep-like bleats whenever Mr. Hargrove's name appeared in print—not liking this brisk, highly entertaining first novel.

John Mason Brown is away at present on a lecture trip. His column SEEING THINGS, *which usually occupies this space, will be resumed in the next issue of* SRL.



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Applied Relativity of Morals

CONSPIRATOR. By Humphrey Slater. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 184 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS novel starts very much like any number of English postwar stories. It introduces an attractive society girl and a tense young gentleman returned from the battlefields who is about as much in love with her as she is with him. And "a month later Harriet Elizabeth Fanshawe Frodsham, daughter of the late Alfred Frodsham and the Lady Anne Frodsham, was married to Major the Honourable Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, at St. George's, Hanover Square." In the two chapters following that far from surprising turn the reader may enjoy a delicately handled account of a short Continental honeymoon such as moneyed upperclass people may still wrest from the government-decreed austerity of contemporary English life.

As it is, Desmond Lightfoot lives under a rule more rigid and far more incisive than that of His Majesty's present government. Some years before the outbreak of the war he has joined the Communist party, and has been subject ever since to the regimen of absolute obedience which the Moscow bureau imposes on the faithful. Lightfoot is a Russian spy. Having access to some of the top secrets of the Imperial General Staff, he keeps providing his party superiors with valuable military information.

We are told that his childhood experiences in the Ireland of the 1920's have imbued him with a certain sympathy for conspiratorial and revolutionary work, and that later a young university teacher has won him over to the Stalinist cause. We listen to him as, in the fellow-traveler language appropriate for the occasion, he imparts to his wife some generalities on the better world to come. We watch his party discipline in action in the face of the indignities to which he is subjected by two minor Russian agents. And we witness him, when his tragedy reaches his climax, repeating to himself the Party theory on the relativity of morals. But the enormity of Lightfoot's initial decision, the deeper roots of his fanatical allegiance to a creed whose learned basis he has merely glimpsed, and his masochistic delight in self-surrender are touched on but sketchily.

Obviously Mr. Slater is, at least at this stage of his writing and fighting career, not interested in the complexities of a rare—or perhaps not

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

BURIAL PLACES IN SONG AND STORY

From the brief descriptions of their burial places can you identify the characters in this week's quiz? Allowing five points for each one named and another five for the story in which he appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. In the old churchyard in the valley, in a corner obscure and alone, they have fitted a slab of the granite so gray, and this maiden lies under the stone.
2. She's sleeping in the valley, and the mocking bird is singing o'er her grave.
3. The only inscription on her tombstone was the letter "A."
4. A dozen men sat on his corpse to find out why he died—and they buried him at four crossroads, with a stake in his inside!
5. The body of this movie star was brought from Hollywood by her press agent to the dingy mining town where she had spent her childhood, and she was buried in the cemetery on the hill.
6. Her highborn kinsman came and bore her away from me to shut her up in a sepulcher, in a tomb by the sounding sea.
7. Her twin brother buried her (alive) in a copper-lined vault way down in the depths of the family mansion.
8. Because they lacked the money for funeral expenses, this old man's family buried him at night in a field near Highway 66, with a letter in a bottle explaining the circumstances.
9. After he was ripped by the machinery in a carpet factory, his widow bought the fourteen-yard piece that had his remains wove in; she wouldn't let them roll him up, so he was planted full length, with one end sticking up as a monument.
10. Slowly and sadly we laid him down, from the field of his fame fresh and gory; we carved not a line, we raised not a stone, but we left him alone in his glory.

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so rare—psychological situation. He has a horrible story to tell, and he does tell it with the heat and the rush of a man on the brink of despair, with the same great talent which kept the readers of his first novel, "The Heretics," under its spell. In fact, it is much the same story. In "The Heretics," a Communist in Spain betrays his best friend who has become a nonconformist. In "Conspirator," that abomination is given an even more poignant turn, and the thumb-screws placed on the reader's imagination are tightened even more: Major Lightfoot's young wife discovers his secret, and when he dutifully reports that mishap to his masters, they order him to "eliminate" her.

Since from that point on Mr. Slater's novel assumes all the outward characteristics of a thriller, it wouldn't be cricket to reveal its denouement. On the whole he has again done a beautiful job in conveying his frightening message. Of all younger novelists with whom I am familiar, he is the one who should tell us through a story *how* a man born to freedom comes to hand himself over to tyranny.

Death, Nos. 1 and 2

THE SHROUDED WOMAN. By Maria-Luisa Bombal. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 198 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by MARJORIE BRACE

THERE is a kind of bad art about which it often seems merely cruel to be satirical or harsh. It belongs to a category that critics label "insincere," though what is painful about it is precisely its sincerity. It is not commercial, or intentionally flashy or deceptive; it is like a passionately felt love-letter that expresses infantile emotions.

Miss Bombal is a prominent Chilean writer, and, in her novel, according to the jacket, "the spell of the mists and shadows of Chile and of the colorful people of that strange and romantic country is woven compellingly to create a tale as vivid as a dream." But "romantic" countries exist only in fantasy, and the mists of this book are those of a pseudo-poetic abandonment to morbid notions about love and death.

Here a shrouded woman lies, dead, but still dreaming over her stormy past, though longing for the "second death of the dead." And no wonder, if, as Miss Bombal claims, "the fate of so many women seems to be to turn over and over in their heart some love sorrow," to lament that "caught in your snares . . . in order to feel myself alive, I needed your constant suffering by my side."

For it is not only women who are consumed by love sorrows. There is a female in the book about whose general effect the men are in tortured agreement: "Only God was to blame . . . for having created a being so prodigiously beautiful, a being such that when one has known her, one must go on seeing her every day, in order to be able to live." Women, however, often do stop living: for example, "another disordered creature, whom one unfortunate word could have thrown into insanity." It did, too, because when her husband "knew at last what it was to sigh," and, "throwing himself on the ground," wrote "his first poetry," Silvia grabbed a pistol he had carelessly laid on the table, "pressed the barrel to her temple," and "courageously pulled the trigger."

It is all, as Jane Austen remarked about the Gothic romance, most amazing horrid and uncommonly dreadful. It is also a kind of writing seldom produced in this country, the ideology of which does not encourage a mysticism of destructiveness. Yet surely there are many enjoyers of torch songs who would luxuriate in fictional love-dying if our literature were not socially inhibited from giving free rein to its peculiar thrills.

But, though such occasional literary sports as Poe maintain a continuous popularity, our prodigiously beautiful women never really acquire a deathly mystery: they are photographed for *Life* in a bathing suit, and their busts publicly measure thirty-six inches. The agonies of our tempestuous women are somehow conditioned by the superficial realities of the advertisements that, in radio or magazine, enclose them in callous parentheses. One feels that Miss Bombal's beauty-stricken poet would not have

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 254

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 254 will be found in the next issue.

YFF SCQ GHBFR HJQB, E GEFF

AYUV SCQ DYPPQP YZYEMPS

SCQ UFYPPQP.—ZFYRPSHMQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 253

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.
E. GIBBON

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fallen in a frenzy if he had driven a Nash; that Silvia might have refrained from putting the bullet in her temple if the soothing hum of an electric refrigerator had accompanied that fatal sigh.

In real life, of course, despite the stagy rhetoric of such books, people do feel and even act like Miss Bombal's characters. Divorce courts and mental hospitals are crowded with people distracted by the emotions she describes; as she justly observes, "such perhaps,"—if normally only in adolescence—"is the fate of all of us." When those fates are exposed in the newspapers they are read about avidly, but not praised. And, if writers expect to be taken seriously, they treat the subject of sexual pathology with less extravagance and naïveté.

Modern Theseus

THE BLACK SAIL. By Florence Bennett Anderson. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 318 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

SINCE John Erskine set the fashion twenty years ago, many writers of many degrees and kinds of literary skill have employed the Greek myths as thematic material for modern novels, occasionally with notable success, like Robert Graves. The plan is fundamentally a sound one. The original stories were produced by men who saw deeply into the human heart on the basis of inspiration, and the modernization of the approach gives solidity and structure to an edifice in which the elements are of guaranteed emotional and intellectual appeal.

Up to the present, however, no one has dared to use the Theseus legend for anything but satirical purposes. It has too large a touch of Horatio Alger and of ham. The story is too much one of cops and robbers, its people live in too young a world, unsupported by race memories and ideas. Mrs. Anderson thus faced a capital difficulty before she began; and she has piled a few more rocks in her own path by employing English equivalents for the Greek names, such as calling Attica "Jutland," a name which for most people has other connotations than those she could have wished.

Having thus multiplied her problems, having produced a first chapter which shifts between the confused and the irritating, she sits down to write herself a story. And how it comes off! From the moment when the palace of Minos is reached, the characters take on life, roundness, energy, are no longer figures in a wall-painting, but people behaving like people. The story runs along like a whirlwind through a series of beautifully done climaxes. Moreover, these people are not moderns wrapped up in masquerade dress. Their impulses and psychology are within the adumbrated frame of reference, the bull-fights in Crete are really a serious matter to them and to the reader.

Which is to say that as an adventure story from the dawn-days, the book is superb and will bear comparison with William Morris's "Life and Death of Jason." On the matter of character and its development the author is not quite so successful as Graves or Morris, chiefly because she is wasteful of her material. When a piece of business is to be done, she introduces a new, simplified character to accomplish it, rather than putting complications into people already on stage. But even here, the myth she started with requires her to take a good deal of trouble over Ariadne and Theseus himself, and as always at points of crisis she is brilliant.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Alice, in "Ben Bolt," by Thomas Dunn English. 2. Hallie, in "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by Alice Hawthorne. 3. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 4. Ben Battle, in "Faithless Nelly Gray," by Thomas Hood. 5. Olga Treskovna, in "The Miracle of the Bells," by Russell Janney. 6. "Annabel Lee," by Edgar Allan Poe. 7. Madeline Usher, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe. 8. Grandpa Joad, in "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck. 9. William Wheeler, in "Roughing It," by Mark Twain. 10. "The Burial of Sir John Moore After Corunna," by Charles Wolfe.

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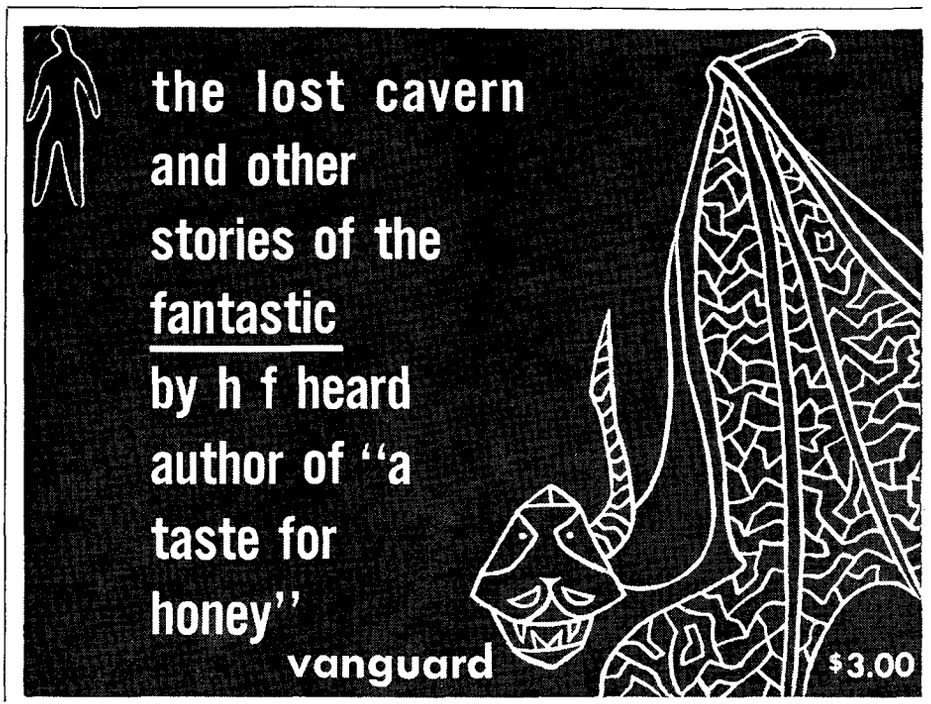

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THE INCREDIBLE DR. BELL

(*Continued from page 8*)

Conan Doyle, after five years as a struggling medical student, graduated from Edinburgh University in 1881. He nailed up his oculist shingle and waited for patients. Six years later he was still waiting. Lacking a practice, desperate for any kind of income, Doyle turned to writing. After one false start, and under the influence of Gaboriau and Poe, he decided to try a detective story. And for it he wanted a new kind of detective.

"I thought of my old teacher Joe Bell, of his eagle face, of his curious ways, of his eerie trick of spotting details," Doyle recollected in his autobiography. "If he were a detective, he would surely reduce this fascinating but unorganized business to something nearer to an exact science. . . . It was surely possible in real life, so why should I not make it plausible in fiction? It is all very well to say that a man is clever, but the reader wants to see examples of it—such examples as Bell gave us every day in the wards. The idea amused me. What should I call the fellow?"

He called him Sherlock Holmes after an English cricketer and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

With Bell as his model, Sherlock Holmes became the familiar tall, stooped, hawk-faced, intense, and inscrutable human bloodhound. His first appearance, in Beeton's *Christmas Annual* in 1887, was inauspicious. But as a result, an American editor, two years later, ordered more Sherlock Holmes stories and the detective was on his way to literary immortality.

Sherlock Holmes's deductive tricks thrilled readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Each Holmes stunt was discussed and repeated by fans everywhere. In the "Adventures of the Norwood Builder," when a frantic young man burst into the room on Baker Street and announced himself as John McFarlane, Sherlock Holmes lazily replied, "You mention your name as if I should recognize it, but I assure you that, beyond the obvious facts that you a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

Joseph Bell, product of five generations of surgeons, was the eldest son of a devout and renowned physician. At the age of twenty-two he took his medical degree at Edinburgh University, and two years later became house surgeon in the Royal Infirmary. His courage was amazing. On one occasion, at a time when diphtheria was a little-known disease, an ailing child suffering diphtheria was operated upon. After the operation, poison accumulated, and, since there were no instruments for suction, the child was given little chance to live. Without a moment's hesitation Dr. Bell put his lips to the child's, sucked the poison from its throat, and saved its life. As a result, Dr. Bell himself caught diphtheria and impaired his voice for life. When elderly Queen Victoria, visiting Edinburgh, heard the story, she personally congratulated Dr. Bell. "The dear old lady was so friendly," he reported afterwards, "and I was not one bit flustered."

DR. BELL devoted much of his medical career crusading for nurses, and through this crusade he won Florence Nightingale as one of his closest friends. At a time when nurses were little better than street women, with no interest whatsoever in their patients, Dr. Bell fought to dignify the profession. Later, when nursing became fashionable, Dr. Bell fought equally hard to keep out pretty girls who were only interested in wearing uniforms.

In company he had very definite opinions on all matters. "Hysterical people are generally liars," he would say. Or, "I have no patience with bigots. There is always some hypocrisy in conjunction with bigotry." Or, after visiting the remains of Wellington and Nelson, "I should not have liked to know them. One should not see a hero too near." He was Empire-minded, defending the Boer War to a friend, "You surely don't want us to be kicked out of South Africa. Once a nation begins to give in, it is a dying nation, and soon will be a dead one."

Yet Dr. Bell was not infallible. Moreover, he had a sense of humor. When visitors begged him to recount tales of his deductive prowess, he liked to relate the story of his visit to a bed-ridden patient. "Aren't you a bandsman?" Dr. Bell asked, standing over the patient. "Aye," admitted the sick man. Dr. Bell turned cockily to his students. "You see, gentlemen, I am right. It is quite simple. This man had a paralysis of the cheek muscles, the result of too much blowing at wind instruments. We need only inquire to confirm. What instrument do you play, my man?"

The man got up on his elbows. "The big drum, doctor!"

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Crimes of the First Quarter

JUDGE LYNCH

THIS is a double-barreled report. One barrel deals with the state of mystery-crime-detective fiction during the first quarter of 1948. The other barrel is devoted to vital statistics from *The Pleasures of Publishing* "Mystery Story Survey of 1948." This is a questionnaire sent out by the Columbia University Press to the readers of its sapient bi-weekly newssheet *The Pleasures of Publishing*. The same questionnaire was later sent out to a sizable slice of the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

Both barrels of this report are likely to go off at the same time, in the same sentence.

Publication of crime-detective books in the first three months of this year was about 12 per cent less than in 1947. The Jan.-Mar. period in 1947 produced 79 titles. This year there were 68. This fact may bring a sage nod from the 67.8 per cent of Columbia Press readers whose replies to *The Pleasures of Publishing* survey said that there were too many mystery stories published last year. Sixty-four and seven-tenths per cent of *The Saturday Review of Literature* answerers were of the same opinion.

All but two of the 1948 first-quarter titles were fiction. There was one book about a famous factual crime, and one "collection" that mingled fiction and fact. The fiction titles included two volumes of short stories. Both groups who answered the survey voted overwhelmingly for full-length novels in book form as opposed to short stories. This appears to bear out the publisher's axiom that "short stories don't sell."

As a matter of fact, it seems, from the survey answers, that mystery stories in the "original cloth-bound editions" don't sell too well either. Pocket-size reprints sell in shoals, myriads of readers get their mysteries from lending libraries or public dittos, but an average of the two survey groups reveals that only 3.6 per cent of those readers plank down their $2 or $2.50 in bookstores for "original editions." This brings to mind an old and rueful authors' adage that "detective stories are not bought—they're borrowed." Speaking of prices, the predominant 1948 price so far is $2.50. Thirty-nine titles sell for that amount, twenty-three at $2. The other six range from a lone entrant at $1.98 to a non-fiction title at $3.75.

First-quarter figures show that American authors accounted for fifty-five mystery stories, English authors thirteen. This should appeal to *Saturday Review of Literature* readers, who, according to the survey, preferred the home-grown product by 62.9 per cent. The Columbia University Press group was slightly Anglophile—56.8 per cent to 43.2. One reader wrote, "British mysteries are apt to be better written." However, it may be remembered that American readers see only the better-grade British mystery stories. You can't judge all British mysteries by Agatha Christie, or Joseph Shearing, or Edgar Lustgarten—to name active contemporaries—any more than you can judge all British films by "Great Expectations." There's many a British mystery story that, deservedly, never sees light in America.

Thirteen, or about twenty per cent, of the first-quarter crop of novels were "hardboiled" or had hardboiled overtones. This rather high percentage is mentioned because neither of the survey groups showed much liking for the tough guys. Some of the respondents were quite emphatic about it, writing "phooey!," etc., beside the hardboiled classification. They liked "detection-cum-character-and-manners" best, with "psychological suspense" a close second, and "chess-puzzle" stories a surprisingly good third. The Bullets, Blondes, and Bourbon boys were in sixth and seventh places, respectively, out of eight classifications in the survey—just a shade ahead of the tail-end "homicide-plus-romance" and almost equally unpopular "spy-and-intrigue." So far 1948 has produced only one entry in the last-named class. It was "Gale Warning," by Hammond Innes (Harper, $2.50), a proper good job, although more straight adventure than espionage or intrigue. Last year, during the first three months, there were such knockouts as "House of Darkness," by Allan MacKinnon, and "With Intent to Deceive," by Manning Coles—a hard pair to beat.

In quality the first quarter 1948-ers are just about even with last year's entrants in the homicide handicap. In the Judge's opinion the outstanding titles from January 1 to March 29,

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1948, are viewed with a pinch of perspective, and listed in complete disorder, as follows: "Minute for Murder," by Nicholas Blake (Harper, $2.50), "Night Cry," by W. L. Stuart (Dial, $2.50), "Always Murder a Friend," by Margaret Scherf (Crime Club, $2), "Sudden Fear," by Edna Sherry (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), "An Author Bites the Dust," by A. W. Upfield (Crime Club, $2.50), "Explosion," by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House, $2.50), "Hanging Judge," by Bruce Hamilton (Harper, $2.50), "Wilders Walk Away," by Herbert Brean (Morrow, $2.50), "There Is a Tide," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), "Venturous Lady," by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf, $2.50), "The Dead Ringer," by Frederic Brown (Dutton, $2.50), and "I Am the Cat," by Rosemary Kutak (Farrar, Straus, $2.50).

Out of this dozen the Judge believes that six may well be in the running at the end-of-the-year roundup. They are "Minute for Murder," "Explosion," "Hanging Judge," "Wilders Walk Away" (the brightest new-author job of the year to date), "The Dead Ringer," and "Venturous Lady."

Nothing in 1948, so far, has surpassed last year's "Death of a Doll," by Hilda Lawrence, "The Sleeping Sphinx," by John Dickson Carr, "Death of a Train," by Freeman Wills Crofts, and, in its class, "The Chair for Martin Rome," by H. E. Helseth—but several of the 1948 books listed above are neck-and-neck with those well remembered 1947 publications.

And any one of the 1948 books listed will please the sixty-six per cent of *The Saturday Review* respondents to *The Pleasures of Publishing* survey who read 3.54 mysteries per month; they will also please the seventy-seven per cent of the Columbia Press answerers who read 4.8 whodunits a month. They might also be a minor revelation to the recalcitrant minorities who said, in no uncertain terms, that they did *not* read mysteries—even that slightly bitter person who wrote, "It is my saddened opinion that they are, as a *genre*, better written than most best sellers. They're stripped, and smart, and paced, and I hate them, personally."

The Pleasures of Publishing survey was extremely interesting and informing. The Judge wishes that he could quote from it more fully, but space forbids. Readers who are interested in getting the full dope may write to *The Pleasures of Publishing*, Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y., and get, while they last, a copy of this intelligent sampling of what American readers think of the detective story today.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DETROIT MURDERS *Alvin C. Hamer Editor* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $3)	Charles C. Givens, Royce Howes, Anna Mary Wells, and five others re-create famous killings in Michigan city from 1815 to 1945.	Not so parochial as some other volumes in admirable series—and better written. Good reading for moments when fictional homicides pall.	For the factual shelf
THE BLEEDING SCISSORS *Bruno Fischer* (Ziff-Davis: $2.50)	Inexplicable vanishing of wife and sister starts husband on search that unearths hushed-up murder and leads to fresh slayings.	Tragical lone-wolf private detective outstanding personality in bluntly told pursuit-tale. Logical rule-of-thumb amateur detecting and breathless wind-up.	Above average
NO POCKETS IN SHROUDS *Louisa Revell* (Macmillan: $2)	Miss Julia Tyler, sixty-eight, invades Louisville (Ky.) society and through her insistent and perspicacious snooping settles poisoning of wealthy curmudgeon.	Those who enjoy efforts of spinster-sleuths, amusing feminine gossip, and romantic trimmings, will find Miss Tyler to queen's (Victoria) taste.	Good—of its kind
THE MISSING WIDOW *Anthony Gilbert* (Barnes: $2)	Nice, innocent, wealthy English widow flees bothersome friends and crooked kin to secluded den of diabolical doctor. Arthur Crook saves her.	Canny private sleuth spots what's up instanter and traces hapless heroine cleverly and completely in his inimitable character to satisfying conclusion.	Better Grade British

BY JACK DOLPH

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NEW EDITIONS

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON calls Jeannette Mirsky's "To the Arctic" (Knopf, $5) "the best history of Northern exploration so far written," and the book itself makes it easy for a reader who lacks Mr. Stefanssons's special knowledge to accept his verdict. Miss Mirsky has managed her accumulated facts with grace. Her bibliography includes Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu," Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," and Emily Putnam's "The Lady," as well as the records of such explorers as Parry, Peary, Rasmussen, and Nansen; and she has used her numerous and diverse sources to tell a story that has style as well as historical interest. It is a story of many nations, many men, many motives. Some explorers pushed north for gain, some for science, others merely for adventurous achievement. Pytheas, of the Greek colony of Massilia, now Marseilles, began it all, as far as we know, "at a time when Aristotle was meeting his classes under the ilex trees and Alexander the Great was marching toward India." Men in airplanes are still busily completing the work that Pytheas started. Traveling down the centuries with her explorers, Miss Mirsky spans the vast reach of time which lies between Pytheas and the planes, and as we travel with her we learn or are reminded of the long searches for Northwestern and Northeastern passages to Cathay, the Cossack conquest of Siberia, the rise and fall of Blubbertown next door to Spitzbergen, the Northern expedition planned by Peter the Great and executed by men of the Admiralty College, the long exploratory assault on Greenland, and, of course, Peary's dash to the Pole. This last dramatic accomplishment, by the way, was, in Miss Mirsky's words, merely the climax of one man's personal struggle with "his beloved adversary, the Arctic."

Miss Mirsky's book is one to keep for both reference and enjoyment, and a good companion volume is Stefansson's "Great Adventures and Explorations" (Garden City, $2.49), a collection, based upon original texts, which girdles the globe and extends "from the earliest times to the present," from Pytheas's discovery of Ultima Thule down to Amundsen's attainment of the South Pole.

A few years before Pytheas sailed through the Straits of Calpe, at a time when "Greek mariners would scarcely venture to stop at Carthaginian Gadeiro," a city-state, which was rapidly becoming dominant in the peninsula of Italy, was negotiating a treaty with Carthage, then the great Mediterranean power. This city-state became a "universal" state, the history of which has been written many times, in volumes beyond numbering. And one of the briefest of these volumes is one of the best: W. Warde Fowler's "Rome," of The Home University Library (Oxford University Press, $2). This historical essay, which surveys Roman history from its beginnings to the age of the Antonines, is a beautiful example of what can happen when a scholar who knows his subject also knows how to write. But I regret, and I am sure other readers will, that "Rome" and G. E. Moore's "Ethics" (another Home University Library volume) are such sad physical specimens. Oxford's noble imprint looks strange upon them.

"Liquor the Servant of Man" (Garden City, $1), by Walton Hall Smith and Ferdinand C. Helwig, made quite a stir when it was first published in 1939, and it still makes surprising reading. A wishful thinker might use it as a text to prove that alcohol is as harmless as water (alcohol does not even cause D.T.s), but there is a catch in some of the author's statements; as if they said that there is no harm in jumping out of a forty-story window—unless you hit the ground.

Max Shulman's "Large Economy Size" (Doubleday, $2.49) is an omnibus volume which contains "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," "The Feather Merchants," and "The Zebra Derby." Mr. Shulman is an exuberant humorist, who knows how to make capital of his own experiences, whose humor ranges from crude to shrewd, with an occasional, discreet touch of the lewd. . . . Helen McCloy has written a better-than-average suspense story in "The One That Got Away" (Grosset, $1), but she should be advised not to trifle with languages she does not know. . . . Alexander Speltz's "Styles of Ornament" (Grosset, $2.98) is a standard and fascinating encyclopedia of design, with 400 pages of illustrations showing how man has designed his goods and chattels, and ornamented his buildings, from prehistoric times down to the days when Germany rejoiced in Biedermeir and neo-Greek styles.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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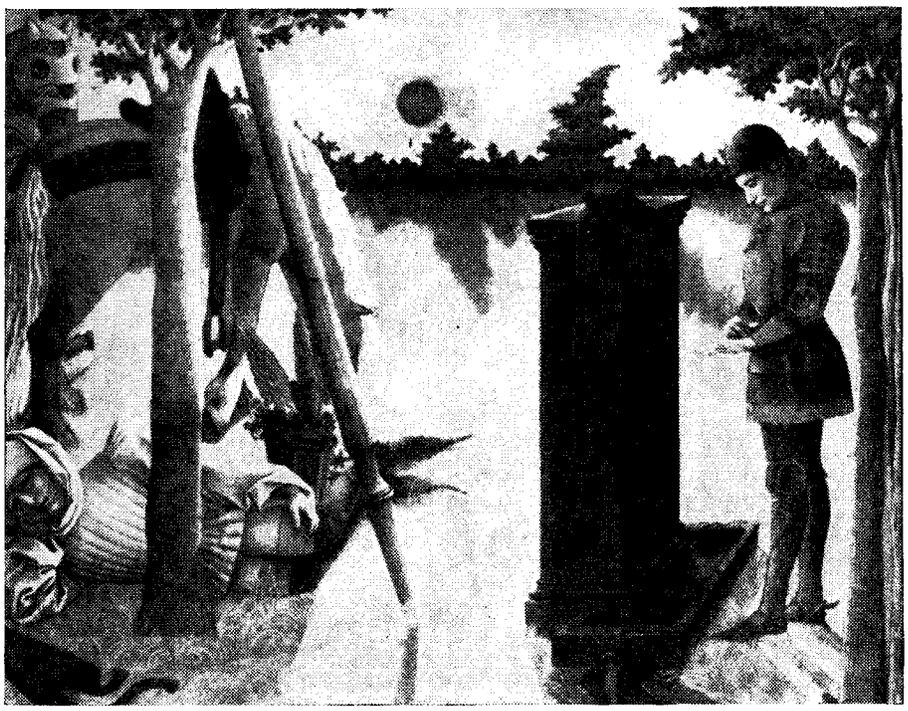
THE FINE ARTS

THE WORTH WHILE AND THE EXTRAVAGANT

THE ENGLISH do like to write about their painters, and there is a vast literature dealing with the entire careers of their important masters, with the eccentricities of their minor ones, above all with the least breath and longest sigh of the leading Pre-Raphaelites. But where is the up-to-date, illustrated monograph on Joseph Wright of Derby (1734-97), that extraordinary man whose subject was light—the light of Vesuvius or of factories at night, of lamp-lit parlors wherein the Age of Reason's amateur scientists demonstrate marvelous air pumps and astronomical gauges to their families and friends? Where is the big new book on George Stubbs (1724-1806), a great anatomist, of course, but also a delectable painter? Where is the full-length modern work on James Ward (1769-1859), on John Martin (1789-1854)? Where are the adequate studies of Alexander Cozens, P. J. de Loutherbourg, the Rev. Matthew Peters, Henry Walton, Francis Danby, Edward Calvert, Augustus Egg, James Smetham, William Dyce, Richard Dadd, and many others?

Perhaps we must blame the war for England's recent neglect of its minor masters, for ten-odd years ago Sacheverell Sitwell brought a number of them into sharper focus in "Narrative Pictures" and "Conversation Pieces," while today a few younger British critics venture clear of the engulfing shadows cast by Hogarth, Blake, Turner, Constable, and the Grand Manner portraitists. Geoffrey Grigson's long-awaited monograph on Samuel Palmer is now available (London, Paul Kegan, $10 here). Beautifully illustrated, the book deals primarily with Palmer's early years (1827-34) when, at Shoreham in Kent, he was the leader of a group of visionary artists known as "The Ancients"—one of the most interesting of the many brotherhoods which served as central heating for nineteenth-century painters, allaying the drafts of public indifference or contempt. Palmer is a main foundation stone of the current revival of romantic naturalism in English painting. His significance for present-day British artists is twofold. On the one hand, his lichened texture and faith in emotional "excess" have meant much to living British painters; in another, more formal sense, the exceptional plasticity of his forms, so deft in placing and in balance of clump against void, has endeared him to relatively abstract artists like Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore. In short, Palmer is to today's English art what Cézanne once was both to expressionism and cubism in France.



—*National Library, Vienna.*

"Coeur and Désir at the Magic Well" by the Master of Duke René of Anjou—"unbelievably close in motif to a celebrated modern painting . . ."

Mr. Grigson has also now published "The Harp of Aeolus" (London, Routledge, $4.50 here), a provocative little volume of essays containing new material on some at least of the neglected British painters mentioned above. Like most English art critics, Mr. Grigson is as much interested in poetry as in painting, and this may account in part for a certain nimbleness and vividness of metaphor in his and other British writing on painting, making some American critical studies seem over-terse, in the legendary manner of our Indian's "Ugh!" and "How!" But another new art book from London, though it lacks the expected literary grace, is none the less a useful and informative work. This is Francis D. Klingender's "Art and the Industrial Revolution" (London, Noel Carrington, $5.50 here). Some of of the book is concerned with the technical illustration of machinery. For me its most fascinating sections deal with the way in which industrial subject matter entered the vocabulary of English romanticism and became part of the extravagant eighteenth-century diction of the "sublime." In no other country, I think, did blast furnaces, mines, factories, and machines compete so early with nature for the romantic artist's attention. Mr. Klingender's book should give pause to those enthusiastic critics who claim that the American realists of the 1920's were the first to applaud the beauties of industrial subjects. And it makes us understand why France's great romantic, Théodore Géricault, visiting London in 1820, should have abandoned occasionally the heroic charges of his earlier career for the dray horses and wagons of the English coal fields. The machine esthetic was in the British air, whereas France still preferred a humanistic dramaturgy.

The romantic field as a whole is coming back into favor in art, and a valuable addition to its source material is Paul Wescher's "Die Romantik in Schweizer Malerei" (Switzerland, Huber & Co., $6.50 here). The late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries did not produce in Switzerland a Manuel Deutsch, an Urs Graf or a Paul Klee, but this well-printed book brings to light a number of interesting works by artists whose names we are likely to know better as time goes on. The book ends with the mid-nineteenth century, as do nearly all studies of European romantic art, and while this chronological limit is perfectly valid in terms of high movement, it tends to underplay

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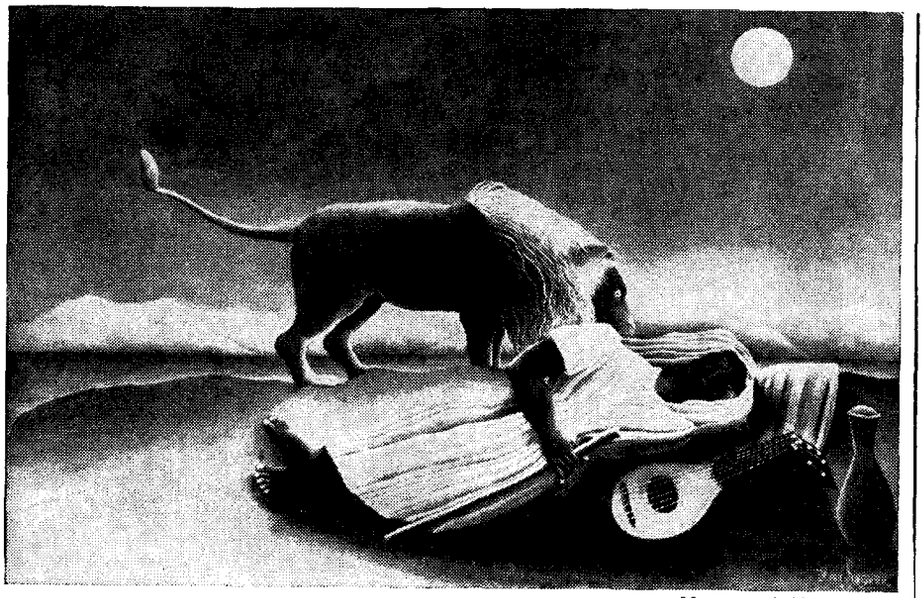

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Sleeping Gypsy" by Henri Rousseau—"the postures of the sleeping figures are comparable, the arrangement of inanimate objects roughly similar."

the continuing effect of romanticism on artists who worked later in the century. Charles Chassé's "Le Mouvement Symboliste dans l'Art du XIXe Siècle" (Paris, Floury, $3.00 here) makes clear that the romantic strain was strong in painters whose careers began after the death of Delacroix in 1863—Odilon Redon, Carrière, Maurice Denis, even Gauguin. The symbolist movement in art is often lost to view amid the pinnacles of post-impressionism and cubism, and it seems a pity that it could not have been explored more exhaustively in M. Chassé's book. Much space is given to Maurice Denis, admittedly a leading theorist of the 1890's but an artist of pallid attainment, whereas little is said about the effect of symbolism on Bonnard and Vuillard, whose art is more impressive today than ever.

Two picture books have arrived from Europe, published by the Marion Press and distributed here by the Continental Book Center. These are "Sisley in the Musée du Louvre" ($8.75) and "Van Eyck's 'The Holy Lamb'" ($16.50). Between them, I think, they exemplify what can be good or bad about books of this sort, that is, large books with numerous color plates and accessory texts. Perhaps I am prejudiced in the matter, since I like art-historical books to work with rather than to fondle on the bibliophilic knee, but it seems to me that volumes like the "Sisley" are fairly useless and too expensive for what they give.

Van Eyck's "Holy Lamb" is another matter. This polyptych is so great and complex a work that it needs to be studied closely, over and over again, and the illustrations of its details in the Marion Press monograph—particularly those in black and white—are altogether rewarding. Here, I think, is the answer to the picture-book problem. If such a book reveals something new about art, through either variety or concentration of illustration, it appears worth while; if it is merely a de luxe record of the familiar, it seems extravagant.

In terms of modern esteem, Van Eyck's closest fifteenth-century counterpart in France is Jean Fouquet, and there has now appeared in English Paul Wescher's "Jean Fouquet and His Time" (Switzerland, Pleiades Books, $10.80 here). I do not know enough about Fouquet or his French contemporaries to vouch for the book's final accuracy, but it seems carefully done, and much of its excitement lies in the discussion and illustration of the mid-fifteenth-century illuminators of manuscripts, especially the Master of Duke René of Anjou. Among the latter's works reproduced is "Coeur and Désir at the Magic Well," the left section of which is unbelievably close in motif to a celebrated modern painting—the Douanier Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy." The postures of the sleeping figures in their pleated coats are comparable, the arrangement of inanimate objects roughly similar. Even the manes of the animals—a horse in one, a lion in the other—are alike, and in both images a low sun (Master of René) or moon (Rousseau) dominates the sky. Since the manuscript containing the Master of Duke René's illustrations has long been in Vienna, it is doubtful whether Rousseau ever saw it. Yet what is more stirring than any question of direct interrelation, is the fact that so lyric and French a vision should have been painted by artists who lived four hundred years apart. Art is long. It is also constant.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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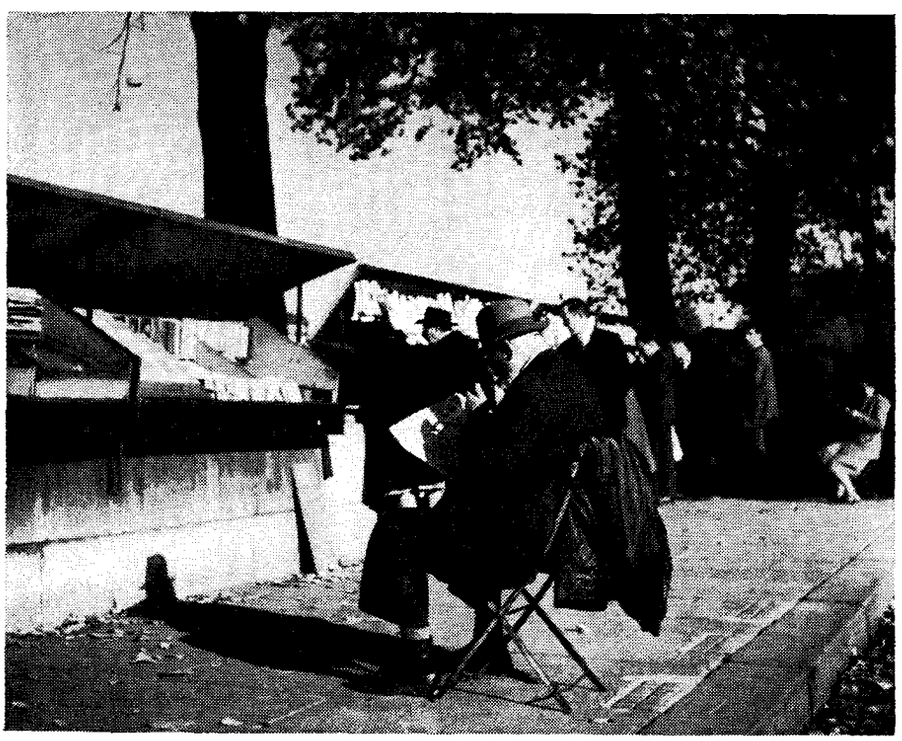
BOOKED for TRAVEL

NOTES FOR A FRENCH POSTCARD

A FRIEND of ours who used to live in France flew over to Paris a couple of weeks ago on his first visit since the war. He couldn't resist searching out the old street where he used to live. The house was there, all right, and so was his old concierge, who broke into tears, kissed him on both cheeks, and handed him three letters that had been waiting the better part of the war.

After a few wretched years of rehabilitation, France seems to be picking up where it left off in 1939. Already the Americans are back, civilian Americans. You see them comparing notes in the hotel lobbies, buying the *Paris Herald* at the kiosks, and carrying it about town like a badge of nationality. You hear them charging across the language barrier with their Berlitz French, announcing to the world how passionate they are when they mean how warm. A new generation of students has holed up in the garrets, and although this time they are studying on the GI Bill of Rights, they still gather on the *bull-mish*, still grow beards, still struggle to make ends meet. The Café de la Paix serves American breakfasts after ten a.m., a chain of pseudo-Americanized restaurants known as the Pam-Pam make a specialty out of Le Chicken Hash, and a new place named Le Hamburger on the rue d'Antin gets more Yanks than a Legion convention. The Legion, incidentally, has a rather active Paris chapter, and maintains a whole building where it sells forty-five-franc cognac, operates a soda fountain, and recruits new members from the American colony. An enterprising legionnaire a few months ago was parlaying at least two of the activities. "Remember," he reminded candidates, "in case of war with Russia, this will be the only place in town where you can get an ice-cream soda."

On the elegant side, Paris has a new night club called Le Drap d'Or, which serves champagne in silver goblets and hires a twenty-four-piece string orchestra to play at the tables. Monseigneur has fresh flowers, violins, and expensive wine, and Maxime's is glittering like the old days. You can trap the bearded thinker at places like Tabou, Caveau des Oubliettes, and La Rose Rouge, a low and smoky den usually so crowded the entertainers rush on stage from the washroom. Most clubs are formal Friday nights. If you're looking for the old-time Parisian hotel service, check in at the George V, probably the lushest spot in Paris and always full of movie stars and Americans.



—*Photographs by Horace Sutton.*

The bookstalls— ". . . as Maurois explained, the French are mature about sex . . . locally they think it's lovely . . . and the approbation is catching. . . ."

With the franc hovering around 300 to the dollar at the free rate, the luxury life is not as expensive as it sounds. None the less things in the provinces are cheaper and a good deal less frilly. Regular tours run out of Paris to the landing beaches in Normandy and, although most of the rubble in the towns has been cleaned up, the metal guts spewed from wounded assault ships still lie in the sand, and the stolid Normans haven't quite forgotten *day-day*. Brittany fared much better and the province lives unchanged, like an island which was cut away from civilization and set adrift in time. Bretons are descended from the Celts, speak a Celtic tongue, and suffer the melancholia of a people who live by the sea. They are generally as full of superstition as a dream book, talk of death in hushed allegorical terms, and the women affect starched white headgear which often stand a foot high.

Down in the Basque country, around Biarritz, the Basque men never wear ties, bury their dead under keyhole-shaped tombstones, burn rope candles in church, hang cheese from the ceiling to dry, and use solid wheels on their carts. In Corsica, now an hour from the flossy Riviera via Air France, the farmers wear dark corduroy coats, black felt hats, striped shirts, and red flannel cummerbunds three yards long. They smoke Corsican briar pipes half hidden in the brush of a huge beard, ride donkeys all over the place, and insist on wearing their overcoats like a cape. The Alsatians, on the other hand, after living with the Germans for a number of years, have inherited the whimsical oompah that goes with beer bellies and German bands. The language is a hopeless hodge-podge of German and French spoken at an incredible clip with an off-beat, hot-potato quality.

No matter where you go in France you'll find Frenchmen still lift their hats clean off their heads as a greeting, bow at the slightest recognition, shake hands at the drop of a pinky with everyone in sight. As André Maurois has recently explained, the French are also mature about sex. On the boulevards, in the cafes, under a tree in the Bois de Boulogne, a French lad and a French girl in love have eyes only for each other. You may think it's a disgusting display, a fortunate exhibition, or ain't-France-romantic. Locally they think it's lovely, and I must say that after a while the approbation is catching.

HORACE SUTTON.

The text and pictures by Horace Sutton in this issue are largely from his forthcoming guidebook "Footloose in France," scheduled for late-summer publication by Rinehart.

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Guideposts to France

FRANCE, PARIS AND THE PROVINCES. By Roger Roumagnac and Pierre Andrieu. Translated by Marguerite Bigot and Madeleine Blaess. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 462 *pp.* $4.50.

A TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO FRANCE. By Stuart Murray. New York: Sheridan House. 1948. 223 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

PARIS.

AS ONE who holds strong convictions that the individual who does for the fast-moving traveler of the Atomic Age what Baedeker did for his more leisurely counterpart in the Victorian Era will reap himself a shining reward, we devoured these volumes with considerable anticipation but we regret to report we do not feel that either is the complete answer.

Of the two, "France, Paris and the Provinces" seemed to us the more meritorious work if only for its illustrations. Its full-page drawings of modern French life and its old maps, both in color, and its half-tones in black and white of scenes from bygone France are enchanting and capture the atmosphere of the subject in indelible fashion.

Unfortunately, the text for the most part does not live up to the display and one wonders if the book has not suffered in translation. Structurally, about a third of the space is devoted to a description of the sights of Paris and the remainder to the departments. Although it strikes a nice balance between the historical background of, say, the Latin Quarter and its contemporary life, the writing lacks style and unity and sometimes verges on the juvenile. There is a good deal of interesting information to be found in these pages but in some places it descends to a mere hodgepodge of words.

The outstanding virtue of the book, from our point of view, is the delightful dissertation on the regional gastronomy of France ending each chapter. Thus, we learn that Bearnais sauce was first made at Saint-Germain and was named in honor of Henry IV, who was born in Bearn; that a real "Coq au Vin" should be cooked in a little-known wine from Auvergne and that they eat fresh oysters along with red-hot sausages in the Basque country. On the whole, this phase of the book, M. Andrieu's end, steals the show from the main ring.

Messrs. Roumagnac and Andrieu blithely ignore the fact that France has been through a war and make no attempt to guide the wayfarer through the postwar jungle of restrictions. In his "Traveler's Guide to France," Mr. Murray makes a commendable effort to smooth the visitor's pathway but he is hoist by his own zeal in some instances. And neither in text nor in illustration does he catch the "ambiance" of the country as well as his French rivals.

Not as pretentious as the first volume, this work provides the reader with some exceedingly practical data on travel to France and frontier formalities, the obvious landmarks of Paris, travel within the country, the cities of the North, the wine regions, the Riviera, and youth hostels. But, in our opinion, he shows faulty judgment in including a list of train schedules, which are highly susceptible to change; a table of railroad fares, which has been knocked galley-west by the devaluation of the franc, and a chapter on the language, which could be better left to the dictionaries.

While both books have their telling points, neither quite hits the bull's-eye. The ideal guidebook of the future, we think, will somehow fuse the spirit of a country with the hard facts essential to traveling within it.

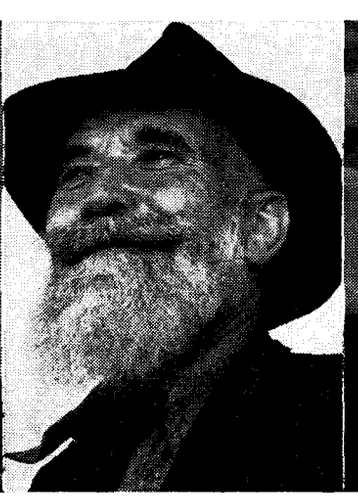
Trevor Christie, formerly correspondent in Paris for Holiday, *is now travel editor of the European edition of the* New York Herald Tribune.

Is There a Docteur in the Maison?

1. Bonjour, monsieur le docteur.
   How do you do doctor.
2. Bonjour. Comment allez-vous?
   How do you do. How are you?
3. Pas très bien, docteur.
   Not very well doctor.
4. Qu'est-ce que vous avez?
   What's the matter?
5. J'ai mal à la tête.
   I have a headache.
6. Vous mangez bien?
   Do you eat well?
7. Non, je mange très peu.
   No I eat very little.
8. Avez-vous mal à l'estomac?
   Does your stomach trouble you?
9. Oui, l'estomac est trés faible.
   Yes, my stomach is very weak.
10. Vous avez le mal de mer, jeune homme.
    You are seasick, young man.
11. Y a-t-il un remède, docteur?
    Is there any cure for it doctor?
12. Oui, il y a un bon remède.
    Yes, there's a good cure for it.
13. Faut-il prendre des pilules?
    Must I take pills?
14. Non, il faut descendre à terre.
    No, you must go ashore.

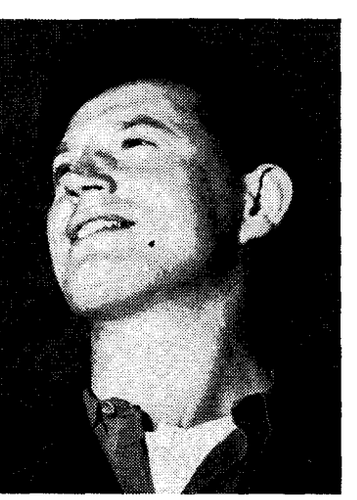
From "Spoken French for Travelers and Tourists."

"Bretons are full of superstition as a dreambook. . . ."



"Corsicans wear red flannel cummerbunds three yards long. . . ."

"Alsatians have inherited whimsical oompah. . . ."



"Basques hang cheese from the ceiling to dry. . . ."

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Title	*Details*	*Description*
ART SURVIVES THE TIMES**	Black and white. 10 minutes. Sound; may be had in English or French. Actualitées Françaises Films.	The work of the leading French artists since the end of the war. Shown at work in their studios are the painters Braque, Matisse, Picasso, Rouault, and Utrillo; the sculptors Gimond, Janniot, and Laurens; and the architects Le Corbusier and Perret planning a new France.
BEGINNING FRENCH**	Black and white. 20 minutes each. Sound; carefully edited, simple French. International Film Bureau.	A series of eight geographical sidelights on French life with commentary in French. (1) À Paris. (2) La Loire. (3) Le Rhone. (4) En Champagne. (5) En Normandie. (6) En Bretagne. (7) La Garonne. (8) Les Canaux. Printed commentaries available.
LES CHANTS POPULAIRES**	Black and white. 10 minutes each. Sound; French. National Film Board of Canada.	A series of French folk songs, sung by a male quartette and illustrated with animated cartoons. (1) "En Roulant Ma Boule" and "À la Claire Fontaine." (2) "Envoyons d'l'Avant Nos Gens" and "Auprès de Ma Blonde." (3) "Là-bas sur ces Montagnes" and "Trois Canards." (4) "Filez, Filez, ô Mon Navire" and "J'ai Tant Dansé." (5) "En Passant" and "C'est L'aviron."
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Postwar Edition

SO YOU'RE GOING TO PARIS. By Clara Laughton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1948. $4.

Reviewed by ELLIOT PAUL

PARIS, as John L. Brown observes in the foreword to the revised edition of Clara Laughton's popular guidebook, looks about the same today as it did before the world wars. The same clear gray light bathes the city and beautifies the buildings, some of which are historical and beautiful in themselves.

The population is hungry, disillusioned, and somewhat resentful of tourists, whom the middle-of-the-road government is doing its best to attract for the sake of the dollars involved. The less a tourist knows about art, history, evolution, sociology, or even science, commerce, and industry, the more he will learn from Miss Laughton's instructive book and the less he will feel his unpopularity with the masses in the city he has longed to see.

Good food is still obtainable and Miss Laughton gives sound suggestions as to where it is to be found. Those who can afford it—either French citizens with means or Americans in search of adventure—eat well, and the French housewives and small restaurateurs perform miracles in the realm of minor economy.

The museums, cathedrals, monuments, and parks are almost intact. The postwar reformers have done little to tarnish the entertainments, diversions, and vices. The workers work harder than in the past, and receive less in proportion, if that is possible. And if most of them should read Miss Laughton's book, they would smile tolerantly at her mild anti-democratic slant and the sighs that punctuate her pages for the gallant victims of the guillotine. However, this is a painstaking job and will be useful to anyone who is going to Paris.

A prolific author and Francophile, Elliot Paul is author of "Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," and, most recently, "Linden on the Saugus Branch."

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
MOZART, EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK, K. 525. Pro Musica Orch. Klemperer. Vox 169 (2 *black plastic*) Vox 169 (2 *red plastic*)	Original issue (black) is acoustically very dead, lacking in highs. Vox re-recorded same perf. adding artificial liveness, middle high boost, higher level. Amazing diff. But 2nd version has more distortion.	(*black*:) A— clicks (*red*:) A— (more hiss, less click)	Hard to believe these two are *same performance*; if you doubt, listen for wrong note, beg. recapitulation, 1st. mvt. in both! First seems in tiny room, second in big hall (*see below*). A true semi-chamber style of playing, though rough in spots and could be sweeter.
MOZART, EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK, K. 525. London Philharmonic Orch. Beecham. Victor DM 1163 (2)	Big, concert-hall liveness, nice but out of place (*below*). Loud parts 1st mvt. fuzzy, distorted. (Why does this always happen in this music!)	A	Even with small group, B. manages to achieve a heavy symphonic style, not helped by fussy solo violin, muted passages. A bit perfumed. Last movement incredibly slow.

NOT SO LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

"EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK," K. 525, is deservedly from its musical content one of the best known of Mozart's works —and yet it has still to receive a halfway adequate recording, either technically (by present standards) or in respect to a compromise that must be made between the limited instrumental requirements of the original and the symphonic tastes of the modern listener. In addition there is an uncleared mystery over a lost fifth movement, definitely indicated in Mozart's own thematic catalogue.

The work was meant for close-to, intimate performance, with a small group of players. Einstein suggests nine as a round figure—double quartet plus a single bass. Under no circumstances would this music have been played "orchestrally," as by a large modern string section under today's concert conditions. Yet even so, most of our great conductors have contrived to make it sound thoroughly orchestral. (It is immaterial whether they actually use a "full" string section or not; the sound, the interpretation is orchestral and is so intended.)

The two most recent perennial versions point up the difficulties. The Beecham, though done with a small group, merely accentuates the orchestral impression, by its tempi, its concert acoustics and such fussy devices as solo instruments, muted passages. Technically, the first movement—jinx of all "Nachtmusik" recordings —is unbearably fuzzy in the tutti passages; nor are there high tones, to give the stringed brilliance that is certainly in the music. The vox recording is musically the most authentic to date, played with a small group and in a true "chamber orchestra" style. The original French recording, however, went too far in acoustical authenticity—or so it seemed to Vox, after the Vox records were on the market. To provide more nearly a concert-hall sound, the company re-recorded the same performance, adding artificial liveness to it and raising the volume level. The results are extremely interesting and merit inspection by all who can snag both versions for comparison. However, neither is any final answer, alas.

We need, then, a new "Nachtmusik" on records *(a)* played by not more than a dozen instruments, in intimate style, *(b)* recorded with good, natural acoustical liveness but no concert-hall immensity, *(c)* recorded with full, wide tonal range, free of distortion, to give the long overdue brilliance to the strings that has yet to be achieved. And, *(d)* as an experiment and a selling point to both, why not take Alfred Einstein's tip (he is our best Mozart scholar) and include as the fifth movement the minuet from the part-apocryphal Clavier Sonata, K. *Anh.* 136 (K. 498a), transposed to the "Nachtmusik" key of G major? Einstein suspects that this in fact is the missing movement grafted into a hodgepodge piano sonata for purposes of petty cash, after Mozart's death. It's a challenge—any takers?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE GRAVELESS

I.

YOU WHO begin to live, only to die,
Condemned by pompous elders as a sacrifice to pride;
Condemn not us, Sons of our womb!
We, who enshrine you in our hearts,
Fingering in our bosoms the void that death has made,
Weeping, being Mothers, drying our tears in the warmth of remembered years, still clutch at life;
Life, whose essence is rising as sacred smoke from your sacrificial pyres.
We weep for your loss, yet rejoice at your release from the dark holocaust of hell.
Rejoice, Our Sons, in your earned peace; your new power to ride like wingéd seed, your steed, the winds.
And fumble our thankfulness for evoluted spheres and orbed worlds
Where war's fierce hounds are leashed, and hatred has no innings.

II.

In the aching nights, we hear your silences, like wings,
Over the jambless doors of the earth;
In white, shell-ravaged spires, stronghold and symbol of your Fathers' spiritual probings;
Over proud cities, bomb-pocked; rubble-smothered gardens where white phlox and mignonette so lately grew.
Among antiquities' wasted stones, in all tortured beauty of lacerated limb and muted song,
You are there! Examining with ethereal sadness man's superb stupidity.
At dawn, with eyes drained of sleep, we watch you still the cries of hunger, keening through the world;
Blot tear from a wrinkled face, ease youth's useless maimings,
Making poultices of truth to fill the hollow socket
Hush the sobbing child and restore to hopeless peoples their frágile house of hope.

III.

From graves undug and life untasted, we watch you rise,
Your phantom earthliness mingling with the fog, catalyzed,
Ready to fall as clean sweet drops of rain upon the earth's parched fields, the dwarfed grain,
Bringing food and rest to a God-starved world and jots of comfort to man's tormented thinking:
This time, with no red blood oozing from poor earthy wounds
But with a God's omniscience, on resplendent clouds,
Borne by compassionate winds back to your native lands; back to your physical Mothers.
And we who waited, and are waiting still, knowing yet not knowing it is our Sons, with bowed heads embrace you
With a prayer, and reverently Amen your benediction!

BERTHA WEST NEALEY.

* * *

The seventy-fifth birthday of Walter de la Mare, England's distinguished crepuscular poet, fell upon April 25, and I am informed that Faber & Faber in England are printing at this time a volume of tribute in his honor. I am privileged to provide below part of a paper written for that general tribute by Christopher Morley. I wish I had room to print it all. Last summer one of my greatest pleasures was to receive a letter from Mr. De la Mare, convalescing from serious illness. It was written on a Sunday within sound of the very bells that Tennyson heard when he was inspired to write the 106th section of "In Memoriam." Mr. Morley entitled his complete essay "Lord of Semitones":

I have never been quite the same—not quite so cumbered with mere soil—since first reading "Peacock Pie"; more than a generation ago. I was young and impressionable; now I am elderly and impressionable. If all these years I have been, secretly, scorched and blessed by occasional sense of fancy, it is partly by the encouragement of his demon magic.

Nor have I, for many years, committed any nuisance upon him by telling him my admiration. Americans are mostly more shy than British, and when I was told long ago he could be reached at some Maidenhead number I was too delicate to say it to the telephone lady.

Walter de la Mare is quite outside the purview of casual comment. I have sometimes thought him a little chatty in prose; like the great spirit he so much physically resembles, Charles Lamb. In verse he has the pattern of wind-blown sand. It is always perfect pattern; if the sand is fine and the wind steady the spiral is past soft comprise. He lingers, then, or lapses, between bliss and despair. Perhaps that is the habit of grandfathers? Sometimes he tunes the string intolerably taut; the mind itself becomes hollow shell, twangled with strange overtones. He is the spokesman of the borderlands of feeling.

Who ever grew older so gracefully?

He taught us the sense of horror. Unless himself so simple, so kindly, and so dour, how could he have said such shocking things? I am sorry only for those who were not shocked. Look again, for medicine, in his recent book "The Burning-Glass."

Grisly old harper! In muted and twilight airs he gives us his miracle. Long ago he passed the gamut of noonday speech. In that unsurpassable melody he is Ariel matured; sunset between the cromlechs of Stonehenge. He is what we in the States would call a hermit thrush, a singer more sweet than your oversold nightingale. He is the lord of semitones.

"Sweep thy faint strings, musician." There are still some who need and deserve such music.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

* * *

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NORMAN R. JAFFRAY.

* * *

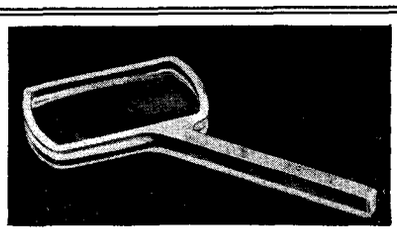
Edward C. Echols of the Department of Classical Languages in the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Alabama does not agree with the late Henry W. Longfellow as to The Children's Hour. He sends the following:

THE CEREAL SET

The time I find children
Somewhat less attractive,
Is the late afternoon,
When they're radioactive.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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IS THERE IN ANY NEW ENGLAND CITY (min. pop. 10,000) a woman 30-55 years young who would trade 4 hours daily for interesting, profitable and permanent work at home? Please write Box 871-Y.

FARAWAY. Lady convalescing from tuberculosis would welcome letters from cure chasers. Box 872-Y.

YOUNG NEW YORKER seeks part-time summer job in city. Fluent German, French. Knowledge art, music. Magazine experience. Journalistic work preferred, anything accepted. Interest rather than finance emphasized. Box 873-Y.

YOUNG MAN, would like to meet new friends via correspondence. Box 874-Y.

RESPONSIBLE YOUNG ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE wishes to lease, sublease, or share moderate Manhattan apartment. Will consider any reasonable proposition. Box 875-Y.

LONESOME GENT desires blith, merry, vivacious, jolly correspondents. Box 876-Y.

YOUNG MAN, WRITER, admitted British university. Must earn June passage. Help! Box 877-Y.

HAMPSTEAD (LIMITED) EDITION KEATS. Scribner's. 8 vols. Unused. Substantial saving. Box 878-Y.

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PERSONALS

YOU can have a wonderful time with Lilliput, Britain's brilliant monthly pocket magazine, sent direct from London to your address for only $3 a year. Write for a free specimen copy to British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

SEND US THAT LIST OF BOOKS you have long been trying to find. Our nation-wide search service will find them for you. Helen Haynes Book Searchers, 105 St. Alphonsus St., Boston 20, Mass.

TEACHER desires summer work. Travel as companion, hostess, or summer resort work. Write 7 Harriot Ave., Oil City, Pa.

TITLES SUPPLIED. Send poems or short stories to Elizabeth Scott, 1870 Wyoming Ave., Washington 9, D.C., for apt title suggestions. Accepted titles: Poems $1, story $3.

BUSINESSWOMAN would share delightful apartment, Brooklyn, N. Y. with business person. References. Box 884-Y.

WRITER. Newspaper syndicate has steady job for man or woman who can write gay and funny pieces and is reasonably familiar with the short-story technique. With letter of application, submit sample article or story not to exceed 1,000 words. Novices save stamps. This job pays $150 week to start and only experienced and talented writers will be considered. Box 885-Y.

WANTED: "The Meaning of Music" by Carroll. State your price. Box 886-Y.

ARE YOU ENERGETIC? Would like to correspond with others interested in varied subjects. Box 887-Y.

GENTLEMAN WITH FEET ON GROUND but head in the clouds would hearken to a damsel with stars in her eyes. Box 888-Y.

ADIRONDACKS—Attractive 8-room house, conveniences. Swimming-artists and children love it. June to November. Box 889-Y.

NEW YORK VET, planning summer mountain, camping vacation, 2-3 weeks, New England or Colorado, wants companion. Box 890-Y.

ENJOY SIMPLE, quiet summer days on northern Vermont farm. Rooms, $10 week a person. Kitchen privileges. Box 891-Y.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, seeks work country, seashore or travelling-possibly as tutor, but interested any offer. Box 892-Y.

UNUSUAL INTRIGUES male Charles Fort fan: esoterica, many-tailed cats, gold showers. Box 893-Y.

INTELLIGENT SMITH STUDENT desires summer job as governess or tutor in East. References exchanged. Box 894-Y.

BE ORIGINAL by giving novice a chance! Any one can hire experienced help. Harvard senior, 32, B.A. in English this June, offers mature approach to drama and movies for job as newspaper theatre critic. Education, discrimination, and IQ of 146 assure some lucky newspaper of competent, hard-hitting reviews. Box 895-Y.

HOUSES AND CAMPS FOR RENT. Vermont. Attractive house in mountains near Brandon, all conveniences, available for season beginning June. For details write Box 896-Y.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING are captured for eternity in all their loveliness on the prints of The Garden Print Club. Write us for membership details, to The Director, Box 355, Hicksville, N.Y.

COLLEGIENNE POOL SHOOTER who dances, likes Dixieland Jazz seeks male mail. Box 897-Y.

TRENCHANT YOUNG WRITER, word weary from newspaper job, completing crucial novel (of which there aren't many these days) seeks work on New England summer farm, doing chores, playing croquet at twilight. Box 898-Y.

STUMPED FOR YOUR VACATION? VACATIONER'S GUIDE carefully classifies and describes 300 resorts and cottages by rates, location and accommodation. New England, Pa., N.Y., N.J., also descriptive articles. 32 pages. Illustrated. Send 25c to Vacationer's Guide, 509-C 5th Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

YOUNG FEMALE, unsophisticated but cultured to the teeth, seeks purely intellectual correspondence, preferably witty. Box 899-Y.

THOMAS WOLFE and "Altamont." From his home town, an appreciative study by early friends. Some hitherto unpublished pictures keyed with quotations and real names. A 12-page special issue of his monthly review of Southern books and ideas. Not for sale separately. Subscription one year, $1. The Southern Packet, 50 Walnut St., Asheville, N.C.

PERSONALS

YOUNG WIDOW, son six, invites correspondence. Interests: writing, poetry, history, sailing, camping, cooking. Box 882-Y.

WEED FARMS, East Montpelier, Vermont. Comfort, delicious food, swimming, beautiful landscape. $35. Tel. Montpelier 159W2.

NEED A GIRL FRIDAY? Experienced newspaper reporter will be editorial assistant, secretary, or companion on summer European junket. Box 883-Y.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL LADY, vivacious, attractive, versatile, desires correspondence from sincere, intelligent gentleman. Box 902-Y.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGE SENIOR, male, speaks Spanish, seeks employment away from Los Angeles: tutor, companion, travel, etc. Stimulation primary, remuneration secondary. Box 903-Y.

YOUNG WOMAN welcomes correspondence with unsmug gentleman of similar tastes, to wit: books, ideas, life. No television fans. Box 904-Y.

NEUROTICA, the most stimulating quarterly in America. Don't miss it! Subscription $2 year. 4438½ Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

FIFTH ANNUAL SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE June 6th-9th—a behind the scenes view of the literary world. Attend and meet Josephina Niggli, Donald Joseph, Garland Roark, Harnett T. Kane, Green Peyton, Donald Day, Loula Grace Erdman, Boyce House, Claude Garner, Monte Barrett, poets, editors, publishers. . . . Write Southwest Writers Conference, Dee Woods, Director, 404 South Carancahua, Corpus Christi, Texas.

YOUNG MAN, very personable, single, law degree, Russian, French; as your secretary, companion. Box 905-Y.

WANTED. Experienced teacher (preferably of English) girls' boarding school attractive New England town, 2 hours from Boston. Pleasant conditions. Generous salary. 33-week year. Box 906-Y.

SPANISH—My husband and I wish to spend May-June or longer in family or group where only Spanish is spoken. Preferably New England. Box 907-Y.

REFINED YOUNG LADY, varied interests, welcomes correspondence from personality gentleman. Box 908-Y.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN would like to correspond with mature woman interested in planning vacation trip, summer or fall to Mexico or Guatemala taking in some spots off the beaten tourist tracks. Box 909-Y.

WANTED: Position as secretary-companion by quiet, pleasant, well-mannered young woman. Excellent character and ability references. Travel here, abroad, take full charge. Box 911-Y.

CORRESPONDENCE with mature women wanted by lonely, home-loving broadminded, intelligent, understanding male. Box 912-Y.

LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN wants job in Manhattan that requires fantastic imagination combined with dependability, plus numerous other desirable attributes. Not boasting (much). Box 913-Y.

CAN YOU MILK A COW? Have you an unfinished MS? Small log cabin, furnished, deep in Adirondack woods, suitable two, if you can help two harried writers with garden and cow. Vegetables free, meat and eggs at cost. Bring own car but no children. Address Herbert Best, Fort Ann, N. Y.

HARVARD JUNIOR, proud possessor of many fine talents and references, experienced with children as companion and tutor, desires any kind of summer employment, the more travelling the better. If salary high enough, no questions asked. Box 914-Y.

BUY A BROOK OF YOUR OWN, plus 22 wooded and secluded acres. Lake nearby. 200-year-old house, 6 rooms beamed ceiling, fireplace, suitable for summer retreat or fun to remodel. Garage. Harmon, N. Y., vicinity. ELdorado 5-6291. N.Y.C. $18,500.

COLLEGE GIRL desires summer position. Versatile, likes children, free to travel. References. Box 915-Y.

MUSKOX HEAD, museum specimen. Do you want unusual sportsman's trophy. Box 916-Y.

WILL CULTURED MATURE MALE rescue lonely vivacious female, lover of the best in literature, art and music? Box 917-Y.

MALE, single, cultured, many varied interests desires stimulating correspondence with others. Box 918-Y.

UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR, male, 26; free summer to travel anywhere as companion or tutor. Interests include psychology, modern literature, music. Box 923-Y.

PERSONALS

SMALL QUIET SUMMER PLACE, on Lake Champlain. Good food, good beds, pleasant, unconventional. $40 per week. No extras. Mrs. A. R. Wheeler, St. Albans, Vermont.

YALE UNDERGRADUATE desires summer employment: chauffeur, typing, outdoors, anything interesting. Box 924-Y.

WANTED: EMPLOYMENT for July and August. Attractive young English teacher with secretarial experience. Good typist. Box 925-Y.

MATURE LADY, young at heart, lonely, would like correspondence with mature gentleman. Box 926-Y.

TWO SEMI-MATURE ARMY OFFICERS bored with isolated overseas station would enjoy correspondence with two semi-mature intelligent females. Box 927-Y.

EX-SOLDIER, artistic temperament needs lively leters from others who enthuse over good music, ballet, and things like that. Box 928-Y.

SIGHTLESS COUPLE desire housekeeper who can cook and drive car. Salary good. Interests: teaching, music, horses, dogs, poetry, people. Box 929-Y.

APT. EXCHANGE—N.Y. for San Diego: 3 rooms, unfurnished, steam, $39. Brooklyn. Convenient transportation. For accommodations SD area, preferably beach. References. Box 930-Y.

WANTED: Responsible woman who likes country life to help with housekeeping and care of 2 small boys. Box 931-Y.

GIRL UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA political science graduate wants to see bit of world before marriage. Can go anywhere. Any duration. Must be paying job. Only assets: attractive, conscientious, not scatterbrain, poor typist, good cook. Box 933-Y.

SLIGHTLY ERUDITE and somewhat esoteric male encourages correspondence from enchanting young lady with esprit. Music, literature, life. Box 934-Y.

YOUNG MAN, graduate student, desires summer position, will consider anything from babysitting to shooting pink elephants. Will travel. Box 935-Y.

YOUNG MAN, single, seeks room for weekends and vacation near lonely stretch of East Coast; Fire Island preferred. Box 936-Y.

EXPERIENCED TRAVELER, writer, would correspond interestingly with scholarly resourceful lady. Box 937-Y.

COUPLE AVAILABLE, mature, efficient, responsible—to manage year 'round inn or camps, for non-resident owner. Eastern United States. Box 938-Y.

PLAYWRIRGHT WILL WRITE to anyone interested theatre, active producing one set plays. Box 939-Y.

YOUNG WOMAN, M.S. Chemistry, University of Rochester searching interesting, challenging work. College teaching experience. Box 804-Y.

FOR SALE: MOUNTAIN PARADISE, 164 rugged, gorgeous, scenic acres. Excellent hunting; books, spruce grove; near summer-winter sports. 3-room partly furnished camp, fireplace. Ideal writer's, artist's hideaway. $2250. Terms. David Barrett, Claremont, New Hampshire.

NEW YORK SUMMER RENTAL, Columbia University section. 5 rooms, June-August, $330. Box 919-Y.

YOUNG BUSINESSWOMAN, artist, alone in world, except for pet dachshund and cat, needs comfortable room, private bath, moderate rental, N.Y.C. We are quiet, good guests. Won't someone invite us? Box 920-Y.

CHICAGO SECRETARY (35, competent, studious) urged drier climate; seeks position therein, suggestions, advice. Box 921-Y.

YOUTHFUL, MATURE FEMALE, occasionally lonely, not bored, would correspond with educated, progressive mature male. Box 922-Y.

MASS. WRITER, capable and versatile, can rewrite your works for marketing purposes. 20 years' experience. Factual matter, lectures, fiction, etc. Box 900-Y.

SPARE-TIME PHOTOGRAPHER, with new car, bored with the futility of pandemonium wishes lady correspondent of unusual interest. Box 901-Y.

DELIGHT BABY with KooZoo. Colorful animals in clear, plastic floating cages. Box of 12, $1.69, box of 9, $1.25. Treasures, Box 374-A, Columbus, Ohio.

ARTISAN? ARTIST? DRAMATIST? Ditchdigger? Tenor? Taxidriver? Schoolteacher? Sculptor? Interested in a new start in a commonsense, non-political community of individuals? Box 960-Y.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal-Business assignments, representations undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. *William Herman*, 170 *Broadway*, N.Y.C.

AUTHOR/LECTURER and wife envisage daily routine of writing and outdoor work. (July and August). Suggestions? Both British, Cambridge graduated, travelled, versatile, hardworking. Box 961-Y.

IS A DYNAMIC, *liberal Social Credit Movement* possible in America? The creeping error of orthodox finance will spare no class, no party. Apathy and cynicism give aid to the commufascists. Sell America; Social Credit is the only answer! Box 405-W.

SELECTED FICTION LIST now ready. Write for list No. F-48. *The Bookmailers*, 330 West 89 St., N.Y.C. 24.

MEN OF ASIA, the Americas, Europe! Brighten up your winter wardrobe. Send us 1-6 ties that you dislike; receive same number of fresh ties from our exchange. We service the World. Enclose one dollar, receive ties postpaid. *International Tie Exchange*, 324 West 71 St., N.Y.C.

CALLING ALL VEGETARIANS! Also those wishing to follow in dietetic and ethical footsteps of Plato, Wagner, Voltaire, Thoreau, Gandhi, Shaw, Tolstoy, Aristotle. Free details. Box 220-X.

WANTED. Situation in country; assist all home activities, by elderly lady, good health, education. Moderate wages. Box 962-Y.

WRITING A BOOK, THESIS, SHORT STORY, PLAY, ARTICLE? Expert style-improving, revision, and/or secretarial services. Special attention to foreign writers. Top references. Box 963-Y.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA? Lady, cultured, traveled available as route companion or chaperone. Box 964-Y.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP, postpaid 600 miles. Gallon $7.00. Marshall Smith, Jamaica, Vt.

BYRON'S COMPLETE WORKS, Journal 17 volumes. Rare 1832 edition. $35. Austin, 515 West 110 St., N.Y.C.

YOUNG, PERSONABLE, INTELLIGENT, New York girl, experienced, would like interesting position in resort town after May 1st. Box 965-Y.

WELL-QUALIFIED, experienced High School English teacher, 29, seeks well-paid position in unusual setting. Box 966-Y.

YOUNG MUSIC TEACHER desires instrumental work in private school. Specialty—piano. Public school experience. Reply—Carolyn Hohensee, Woodhull, New York.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, $.83; Fancy Flowery Ceylon, $1.03; Assam, $1.00; English Breakfast, $.65; Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $.95; Formosa Oolong, $.88; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan $.70; Uncoldred B. F. Japan $.70; Pinhead Gunpowder, $.78; Young Hyson, $.83. Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

SUPERIOR VIRGINIA SCHOOL FOR GIRLS desires superior bookkeeper to begin work August 1. Specifications: feminine gender, fine training, adequate experience, attractive personality. The position offers faculty status, pleasant living conditions, good salary. Address Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va.

MARSHMALLOW HILL IS FOR SALE. Small modern all-electric home in four acre woods. Easily accessible to *New York and Philadelphia. Ideal for author*, artist or retired couple. Write or call Philip Cole, Jr., Allenwood, N. J. Manasquan 7-0602-M2.

NECKWEAR—sincere, romantic, businesslike or beautiful for its own sake. Send us six neckties with one dollar and receive six others, newly-cleaned, postpaid. No rages, please. National Tie Traders, Box 150, Jackson Heights, New York.

COTTAGE FOR RENT May-September conveniences, ideal for couple desiring quiet rest in Catskill mountains. Box 967-Y.

FAIRWOOD FARM, MORRISVILLE, Vermont offers year round hospitality. Meals, lodging, $35 a week and up.

BLOW ME DOWN! Come aboard an old-time schooner for a one or two-week vacation under sail along the coast of Maine. The famous round-the-world Schr. Yankee is now a member of the Windjammer Fleet, Capt. Frank Swift, Box L-57, Camden, Maine.

PERSONALS

WRITER OFFERS ANOTHER WRITER, two-room, bath apartment over garage for summer for three hours typing daily. Box 925, Southampton, N. Y.

WANTED BY YOUNG COUPLE, for July, comfortably furnished cottage, house, on lake, good swimming, secluded, not isolated, within 75 miles radius Great Barrington, Mass.; or board in such surrounding. Box 968-Y.

RENT: NEWTON, MASS. choice modern house, fully equipped mid-June, 2 months. Seven rooms, two baths, fifteen minutes drive from Harvard. References. Box 782-Y.

MAN, reasonably mature, wishes to correspond with highly intelligent, emotionally responsive, pliable woman. Box 783-Y.

RELIABLE, ENERGETIC YOUNG MAN, college junior, wants job for the summer. Available May 24. Excellent references. Philip Cox, Jr., Fredericksburg, Va.

WORLD TRAVELLER, *recently returned to this* country, desirous of feminine correspondence. Box 784-Y.

LONELY, EDUCATED LADY seeks correspondence from interesting refined, sincere woman. Box 785-Y.

SUCCESSFUL, athletic, personally passable, politically progressive, bookish, daydreaming, young male, grimly seeks tender comrade to share his laughter. Box 786-Y.

YOUNG COUPLE, *engineer and writer, need apart*ment or house Westchester County, N. Y., by June 1. Help us? Box 787-Y.

SUMMER JOB WANTED—adventurous, intelligent girl, 18, go anywhere, do anything interesting, unusual. Salary no object. Box 780-Y.

GENTLEMAN, mature, interests are nature, new thought, philosophy, metaphysics. Likes quiet home life, country places, constructive living. Invites intelligent correspondence. Box 781-Y.

HAVE YOU BEEN HAUNTED by a book that you cannot find through ordinary bookstore channels? Let us be your book-sleuths. No charge or obligation. Just send us your book and magazine wants, all subjects, all languages. Box 773-Y.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER with groups seeking social insight; some peering behind Iron Curtain. Steamships, hotels, appointments with officials, professors, writers already arranged. Remaining places reserved for perspicacious. Box 744-Y.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont an old Colonial farmhouse. Good food, R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

LADIES! You can escape from the hetic present in the pages of Ladies Home Journal, Harpers Bazaar, etc. 40 to 50 years ago. Beautifully illustrated. Interesting articles all subjects. Fashions of yesteryear. Unique advertisements. Single copies, $1.75; 5 copies, all different, $7.50 20 copies, all different, $22. Wonderful gift for your mother or grandmother. Box 853-Y.

YOUR FACTFINDER: Investigating any problem in the fields of psychology, sociology, economics. Preparation of articles, speeches. Broad European-American experience. E. P. Hillpern, 14 East 80 St., N.Y.C. 21.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

FREE FOR SUMMER, *agreeable young man*, University senior, promising writer, desires interesting position, experience or travel. Box 824-Y.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

LANE'S ISLAND. Quiet, beautiful scenery. A place to be in harmony with yourself and your surroundings. Rate $45 weekly. Rockaway Inn, Vinalhaven, Me.

PERSONALS

TOP O' SUGAR HILL, WHITE MOUNTAINS. Ranch-type summer home of 11 rooms, 4 baths, big studio living room, fireplaces, all conveniences. Glorious views. Sale, furnished, $18,000; season rental $1,700. M. H. Fisher, owner, 70 Pine St., N.Y.C. Digby 4-5944.

A MILLIONAIRE BUILT it with a cozy two-holer. We've added a modern bathroom and kitchen. It's darned near perfect. Two stories of satiny spruce logs built around a nine-foot fireplace. Antique furnishings. High in the Green Mountains, but only 180 miles from N.Y.C. Moderate rental. June 15th to September 15th. Box 859-Y.

WHY RISQUE A TRIP TO PARIS? You can get a wolf's eye view of pre-war Paris in the pages of La Vie Parisienne. Exotically illustrated. Single issues, $2.50 5 issues, all different, $10. Bound volume 26 issues, $29.75. Box 860-Y.

SPEECH CORRECTION AND IMPROVEMENT. Accredited specialist will accept limited clientele in N.Y.C. during summer. Box 797-Y.

CAT LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 716-Q.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension. 12th season. Board and room $50 and $45. Only rooms available. Harold Vinal, 687 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., until May 7.

PHILOSOPHY, psychology interest you? Write Cenacle, 101 Warren St., N.Y.C. 7.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimple—Counselor. 342 Madison Ave., (44) N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-0253.

PUNCHER, THE LITTLE ARIZONA COWBOY will write twelve illustrated monthly letters to children about ranch life, activities of the southwest and his horse "Tamale". Exciting and instructive for youngsters 6 to 12. Include sender's name for announcement card. $3.00 complete. Puncher T Double A Ranch, Camp Wood Route, Prescott, Arizona. Sample letter. 25¢.

HORSE LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 857-Y.

KOBOLD KNIGHT'S PLOT DIGEST. 12th British Edition. 150 key plots to utilize. 254 pp. $7. R. W. Hall, 1424 7th St., Santa Monica, Calif.

DOG LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 390-Y.

PERSONABLE KENT SCHOOL GRADUATE, entering college in fall, seeks interesting, unusual position, preferably traveling, for summer. Will go anywhere, do anything. Box 830-Y.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE OF THE THEATRE? Recall the great moments, faces, play-scenes of the past through the pages of Theatre Magazine and Stage Magazine. 1900 to date. Single issues, $2: 5 issues, all different, $9; 10 issues, all different. $17. Send for free list of theatrical books. Box 862-Y.

HEMLOCK HOLLOW. Private wooded retreat in Western Maryland Alleghenys. Swimming pool, tennis, badminton, mountain stream, 60 acres beautiful woods; comfortable living. Limited number guests. For information, reasonable rates write B. *Yeil*, 3856 N. *Keystone Ave., Chicago*, Ill.

PUBLICITY CAMPAIGNS PLOTTED. Deadlines checked. HELM, 29 East 4th St., N.Y.C. 3.

YOUR HOBBY, intellectual, sophisticated, or plain pleasant pastime — brings you greater pleasure through Hobby Enterprise, Program. Box 369, GPO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest City. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

YOUNG MALE ARTIST, intelligent, charming, would correspond with modern damsel old-fashioned enough to wear her tresses long. Box 879-Y.

MALE, pleasant, refined, college junior, wants summer work; *gardener, secretary, companion.* Will travel. Box 880-Y.

COLLEGE STUDENT, male, veteran, wishes summer employment gentleman's companion; tutor, travel, drive car, French, typing; references. Box 881-Y.

FOR RENT: Large double room, private entrance. (Two gentleman preferred). Near 8th Ave. subway. Washington Heights, N.Y.C. WAdsworth 3-6493.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 736

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

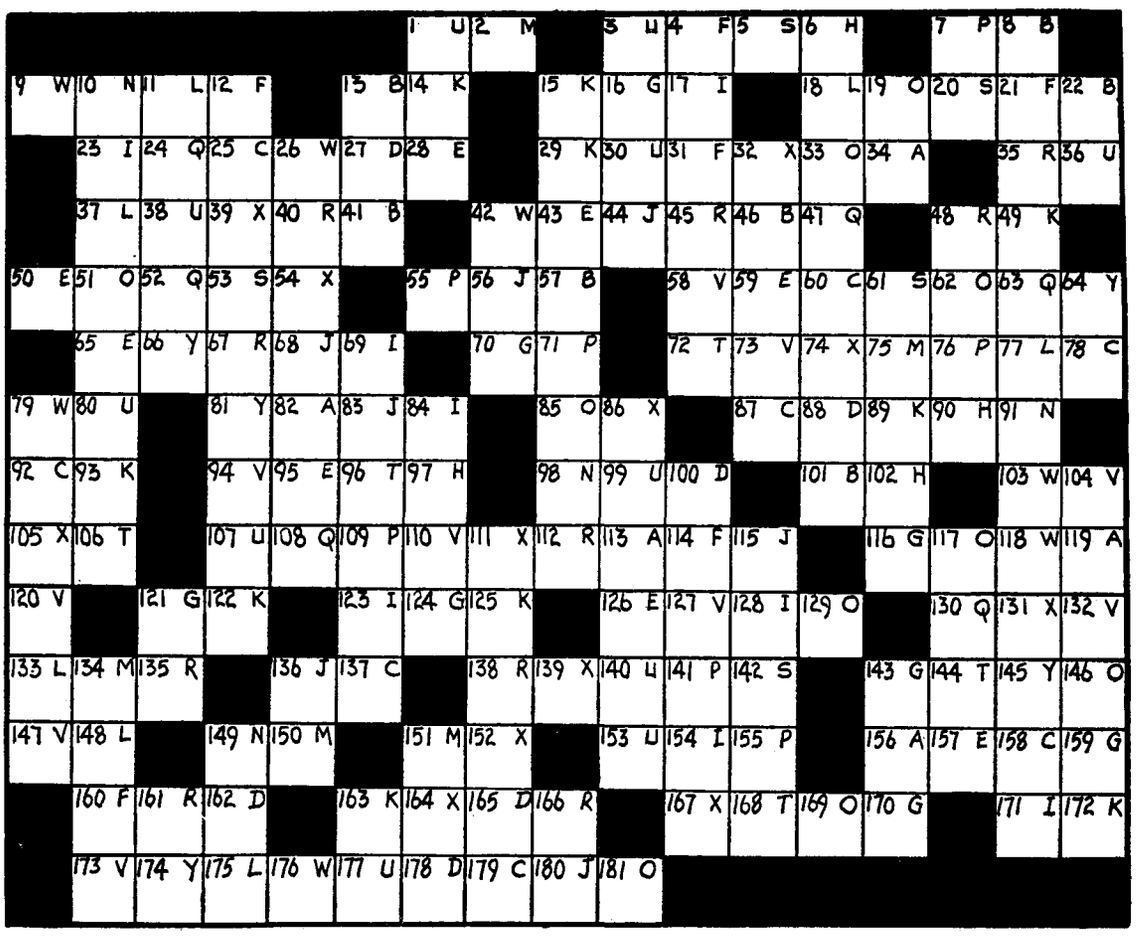
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A holy sage; an inspired poet (Hinduism).	156 119 34 82 113
B. Danish physicist, founded the science of electromagnetism (1777-1851).	13 46 22 8 101 41 57
C. Seems likely (two wds.).	158 78 92 87 137 179 25 60
D. German mural and historical painter, 1812-79.	162 165 88 100 27 178
E. Forgave; pardoned.	126 59 50 157 43 65 95 23
F. Surname of pseudonym of Alice French (American fiction writer, 1850-1934).	160 4 31 114 21 12
G. Rice broth containing bits of meat (comp.; Anglo-India).	143 70 170 124 116 121 159 16
H. Russian Arctic explorer, 1858-1902.	6 102 90 97
I. A French game similar to bézique or backgammon.	128 154 171 23 17 123 84 69
J. Florentine painter, sculptor, architect; leading representative of the Gothic style, 1308?-68.	136 68 180 44 115 56 83
K. Precursors at sea of the sextant (naut.).	49 93 163 125 122 15 89 14 172 29
L. Gets to the bottom of.	11 133 37 77 18 175 148
M. Swiss painter and sculptor of ultramodern school of art (1888-).	151 150 134 75 2
N. Appellation of the star Sirius.	98 149 91 10
O. Popular, cheap novels.	181 33 19 117 62 85 169 51 146 129 130
P. Genteel irony (rhetoric).	55 141 76 155 7 71 109
Q. Children (Sp.).	24 52 63 108 47
R. Descendants of the second of the three sons of Levi (Bib.).	166 48 161 135 138 112 35 45 67 40
S. American philosopher and writer, Columbia University (1896-).	142 20 61 5 53
T. English philologist and mathematician; aided Isaac Pitman (1814-90).	106 144 96 168 72
U. Members of a political party about 1850 in Massachusetts, favoring the South (2 wds.; U. S. Hist.).	177 140 153 30 99 36 3 38 1 80 107
V. Too stiff, clumsy, awkward.	73 58 110 132 94 104 127 173 147 120
W. American artist and author, 1779-1843.	118 9 103 42 26 176 79
X. Apparatuses for measuring the expansion of the chest wall during respiration.	152 32 86 131 139 164 74 39 111 54 167 105
Y. "The unlucky letter" of the Greek alphabet.	81 66 174 64 145

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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CLIFTON FADIMAN *says:*

"This is real backstage stuff. It is horrible—and it is fascinating."*

THE GOEBBELS DIARIES

This is the man who,

during 1942 and 1943, when Nazi Germany was passing the peak of its power, wrote a gigantic personal diary, covering every plot, every plan, every doubt and jealousy and confidence of the closely guarded Nazi hierarchy.

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➡ **"Through these intimate records . . . we look into that brain and see what Goebbels thought."**—DOROTHY CANFIELD*

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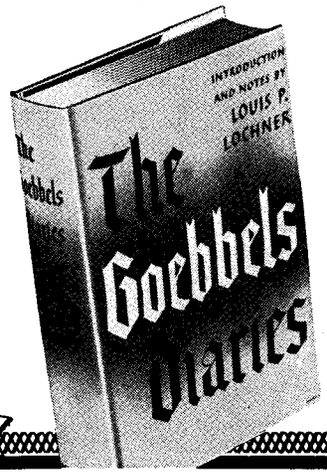

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